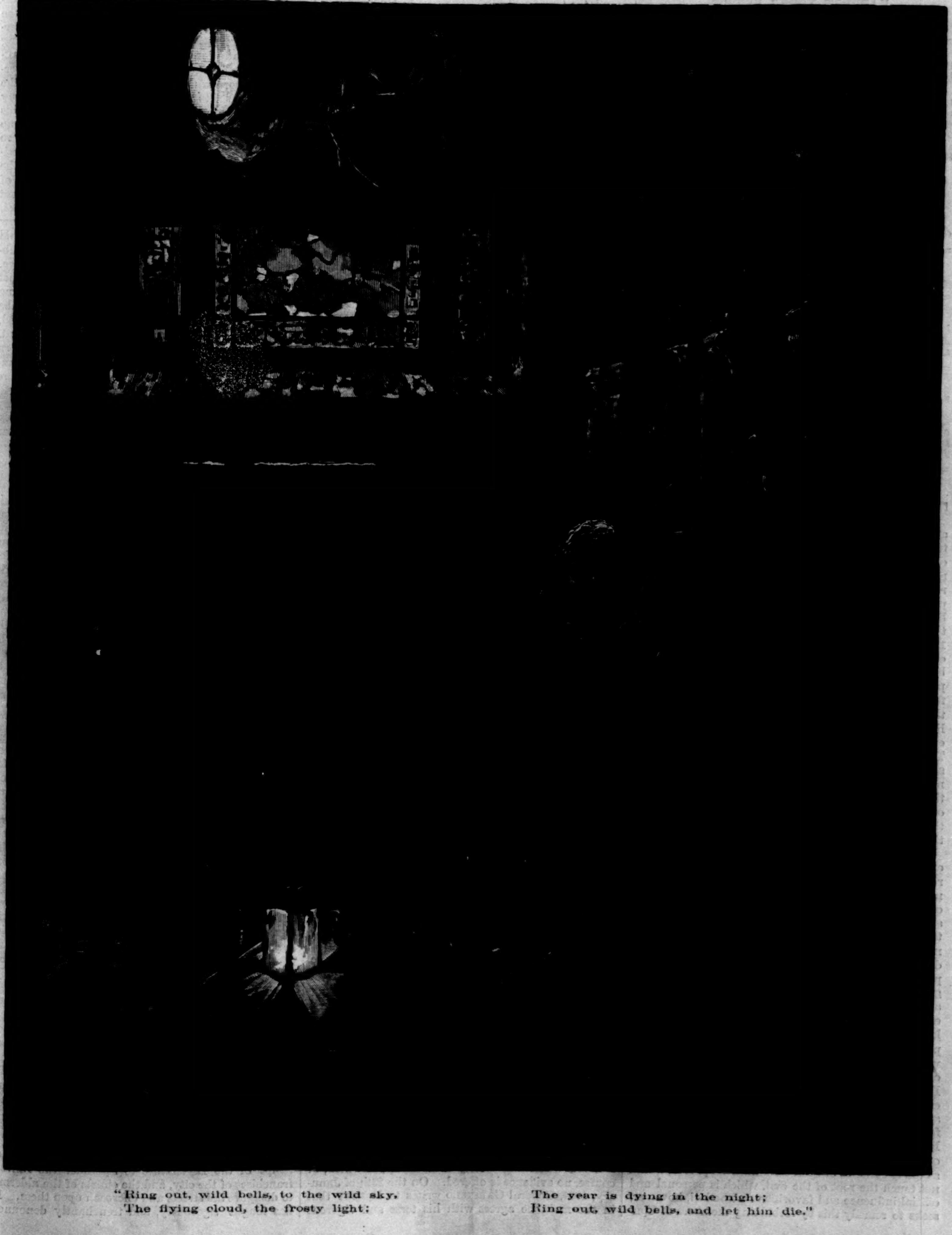
OR

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVI.—No. 1358.
Copyright, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1882.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 30, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, *and* 1882. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders without delay. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published December 26, contains two charming Christmas stories—"Rob," by Edward I. Stevenson, *and "Olga's Ride," by* Zadel Barnes Gustafson. *Chapter XIV. of "Nan" is one of the most interesting installments of that delightful serial yet given.*

Mr. James Payn *begins a new story in the "Peril and Privation" series, entitled "A Castaway Ambassador," and* Mr. Allan Forman *conveys a great deal of information in regard to the early history of California through an animated conversation between "Mr. Thompson and the Horned Toad."*

The artists represented in this Number are C. Graham, Jessie Shepherd, Thulstrup, *and* W. L. Sheppard.

Harper's Young People	Per Year	$1 50
Harper's Weekly	"	4 00
Harper's Weekly and Harper's Young People	"	5 00

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

A NEW STORY BY MARY CECIL HAY.

A sparkling novelette, entitled

"BID ME DISCOURSE,"

by the favorite writer Mary Cecil Hay, *author of "Old Myddelton's Money," "Nora's Love Test," "For Her Dear Sake," etc., will be begun in* Harper's Bazar *for January 20, 1883.*

☞ *The number of* Harper's Bazar *published December 29 will contain the opening chapters of*

"IONE STEWART,"

a fascinating serial story by the brilliant novelist Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, *author of "Patricia Kemball," "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," "Under Which Lord?" "My Love," etc.*

THE REFORM DEBATE IN THE HOUSE.

THE debate upon reform of the civil service will not begin in the House of Representatives until after the holidays. As the Republican party controls Congress, and as the Republican President, in obedience to the evident desire of the country, has recommended the passage of a measure of reform, the responsibility of failure will rest with the Republican party. Is it possible that any Republican in Congress believes that if reform is now baffled by the party there is a reasonable hope of Republican success in 1884? The election of the next President is undoubtedly in the hands of those who believe this reform to be necessary. They did not support the Republican party at the late election, largely because of its indifference to economy and reform. Is it probable that they will be recalled to its support in 1884 by the deliberate rejection by a Republican Congress of a moderate, reasonable, and well-considered plan of reform? The Pendleton bill presents such a plan. The Kasson bill, which has been reported in the House, does not. There is no need of aspersing the motives of those who favor the latter, because that is not the kind of argument which persuades. Some of the objections to the Kasson bill we mentioned last week, but there are other considerations which merit attention.

The bill provides for admission, upon "satisfactory examination," for a term of four years, during which removal can be made only for specified cause, after notice and reply, and reference to a board of examiners, which shall report to the appointing officer, who shall decide according to the report. This is intended to give the board the power of removal. No person now holding a position included in the bill is to be dismissed except in the same way. The bill further prohibits assessments, and forbids members of Congress to recommend appointments and removals to and from positions included in the act, unless requested by the appointing officer. In regard to these two last points it is enough to say that the Willis bill prohibiting assessments was presented simultaneously with the Pendleton bill, and covers the whole ground of the prohibitory clause of the Kasson bill, while the Pendleton scheme would of itself baffle the interference of members of Congress, and therefore does not specifically forbid it. Neither of these points, therefore, is neglected or omitted by the supporters of the Pendleton plan. The "satisfactory examination" of the Kasson bill, as we have heretofore shown, and as the experience of such examinations proves, would not touch the root of the evil, which is personal and official influence and favoritism. The bill, however, seeks to remedy this by forbidding members of Congress to interfere with appointments or removals under penalty of misdemeanor. But this, in connection with the rest of the bill, is a much more cumbrous method, and much more susceptible of evasion, than a system of competition which reduces all the chances of secret and indirect influence to the one point of open corruption of the examiners, who are under strict supervision. The Kasson plan is a much cruder device, with small promise of efficiency. The fixed term of the Kasson bill we have also shown would only stimulate to frenzy the present sharp contest. If every little place in the service, as well as the larger offices, should be vacated by law at a particular time, the doubt and confusion, the struggle and terror, would be indescribable. The only sound argument for any form of rotation in non-political ministerial places is that everybody should in turn be supported for a time by the government. But if this plea be sound, the terms should not exceed a few months. If it be urged that change is necessary to prevent rust and "dry-rot" and general inefficiency, the conclusive answer is that to secure this there must be authority for prompt removal for negligence, or indolence, or inefficiency, or any such legitimate reason. But while the Pendleton bill leaves this authority untouched, only wisely guarding its exercise, the Kasson plan obstructs it in ways sure to destroy discipline and industry in the service.

But there is one aspect of the limitation of term in the Kasson bill which is peculiar. The bill provides that no person now employed shall be dismissed except for causes specified in the bill, and in the manner indicated, and that any present incumbent who is not so removed, and who shall have served faithfully four years consecutively, shall be continued for another similar term. The argument for this provision we understand to be that no bill which permits the removal of good officers can be truly called a measure of reform. As an objection to the Pendleton bill, however, this plea is abortive. The apprehension is that a party change of administration would lead to a clean sweep, and that a reform bill must protect efficient and honest incumbents from arbitrary dismissal. But this is precisely what the Pendleton bill effects, and in the best way, namely, by destroying the motive for such dismissal. It is not true, therefore, that the bill leaves a new Administration free to make a clean sweep. If it be said that the only barrier is competition, which that new Administration may annul by changing the commission, the reply is again conclusive, that the party change of Administration implies also a change in Congress, and if the new Executive could change the Pendleton commission, the new Congress could, and, under the supposition, would, repeal the Kasson bill with its fixed terms and continuations. The purely partisan objections to this provision of the Kasson bill which are obvious we do not consider, because the question is not partisan, and should not be treated as such. The wise partisan view, however, not of any particular details of method, but of the whole subject, is that the party which obstructs and defeats a reasonable reform bill at this session of Congress also obstructs, if it does not defeat, by that action, its success in the election of 1884.

GARFIELD AND DORSEY.

An ingenious attempt to propitiate public opinion in favor of Dorsey has been apparent for some time. The latest contribution to it is the publication of letters from various Republicans, including General Garfield, during the campaign of 1880, all tending to show that Dorsey was the manager of the campaign, and that he held the most friendly and confidential relations with General Garfield himself, and with Mr. Levi P. Morton, who was the chief financial agent of the party. The purpose of this appeal seems to be twofold: first, to stimulate Republican sympathy and support by representing Dorsey as the man who really elected Garfield, but who is now made a scape-goat for the party sins; and second, to strengthen the Stalwart Republican faction by showing Garfield to be ungrateful in permitting the Star Route suits to be brought against his benefactor. Part of the effort, of course, is profuse and contemptuous vituperation of Mr. MacVeagh and Mr. James.

The publication certainly feeds the fires of political gossip, and the letters of Filley and Routt are glimpses of noisome corners of "practical" politics. The correspondence shows the very friendly campaign relations existing between General Garfield and Dorsey, to whom General Garfield writes, after the result of the October election in Indiana, that his work "had vindicated itself, and silenced all cavillers," and to whom also he stated frankly his consciousness that his letter of acceptance, intended to promote harmony, had alienated the Independent sympathy, especially in New York, and that he doubted, for that reason, the wisdom of his coming to the August conference in New York. There is nothing in the least degree discreditable to General Garfield in the letters unless it be assumed that he knew that Dorsey was using money dishonestly, of which, of course, no evidence is offered. On the 25th of January, 1881, General Garfield writes to Dorsey that in the main he agrees with his terse and vigorous characterization of certain persons. But it was not until February 7 that Dorsey wrote to Garfield the insolent letter about the cabinet, sneering at Mr. MacVeagh, and warning Garfield not to alienate Conkling, Arthur, Grant, Crowley, and others. The letters selected are but a few from the enormous correspondence of Garfield, and they are such as are adapted to show cordial campaign relations between him and Dorsey, and no more. The formation of his cabinet was a subject upon which General Garfield was willing to listen to all sides, including Dorsey, who had played so prominent a part in the campaign. But that he did not propose to receive instructions from Dorsey or from those with whose anger Dorsey threatened him, is evident from the tone of Dorsey's letters, and is demonstrated by the final selection of the cabinet.

But what has all this to do with Dorsey's guilt as charged in the Star Route cases? President Garfield first called Mr. MacVeagh's attention to the frauds, and earnestly urged him and the Postmaster-General to investigate them thoroughly, and bring the offenders to justice. For this we have Mr. MacVeagh's statement, which is conclusive, and it is perfectly in accord with Garfield's character. If the investigation led to the probability of the guilt of any person with whom he had had friendly relations, his kindly nature would undoubtedly be pained. But no one, however he may dislike Garfield, would be so extremely foolish as to assert that Garfield as President would try to smother such an inquiry for the sake of saving a political friend. The publication of the letters fails utterly to show that Garfield did not honestly urge the prosecution. Nor has that fact, again, anything to do with the trial which is now proceeding. There is no reason for the most timid friend of General Garfield to suppose that the publication implies more compromising letters in reserve. The publication may be intended as a threat of that kind. But it may be safely assumed that everything which in any way could be tortured to entangle the late President in this business has now been revealed, and there is no suspicion of any such entanglement. Dorsey may have been on confidential campaign terms with General Garfield. He may have managed his campaign. He may have carried Indiana by corruption, and General Garfield, although there is no proof of it, may have known it. Dorsey may be now grievously ill. But the sole and simple question that remains is whether he is guilty of the Star Route frauds as charged.

MAYOR GRACE.

Eighty years ago De Witt Clinton resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States to become Mayor of New York. It was a small city, but its Chief Magistracy was held to be one of the most honorable of offices. It is now an immense city, but for many reasons its Mayoralty is one of the most thankless of high positions. Its Chief Magistrate, by reason of his office, is popularly held to a responsibility which he is prevented from discharging, and his actual services and his good purpose are therefore usually totally disregarded. It is, however, only fair, at the end of his term, in which he has performed admirable services, that proper honor should be awarded to Mayor Grace. He came into office under the general impression that he was somebody's man. His first service was the demonstration that he was nobody's man, and that his aim was the welfare of the city. The condition of the streets was a crying evil. They were in the hands of the Police Department, which seemed to be serenely contemptuous of the public demand for relief. Unable to stir them up to discharge their duty, the Mayor removed the Police Commissioners. Great public meetings sustained him, and in concert with the Citizens' Committee drafted a street-cleaning measure. It was mutilated in the Legislature by political influence, but its passage condemned the Police Commissioners. But the Governor declined to confirm their removal. The result demonstrated that any reform effort of the Mayor would be probably baffled. He did not, however, relax his endeavors, but he found the Commission hostile, especially in regard to enforcing the laws against unlicensed liquor-selling, and for the suppression of lottery and pool shops. But with the aid of the police justices he had some success in the suppression of such shops in the lower part of the city.

The streets, nevertheless, have been cleaner during Mayor Grace's term than for twenty years. He has withstood the encroachments of the Legislature upon the city, defending it against the Elevated Railroad Tax Bill, which, as the brief submitted to the Governor by the Mayor and the Comptroller showed, would have released the payment to the city of an enormous sum of money due by the companies, and would have largely relieved them of future taxation. The Governor vetoed the bill under circumstances which will form an instructive chapter in the political history of the State. Mayor Grace opposed strongly every attempt of the Legislature to squander the railroad franchises of the city, and the efforts of the aldermen to disfigure the streets and encroach upon them. He has fought vigorously, and trenchantly denounced in his messages, the political rings which prey upon the city revenues, and has advocated ably and courageously the divorce of politics from municipal government. Few men would have taken the position that he took in the late city election. But he was sustained by the best sentiment of the citizens, and honored by the frantic abuse of Tammany Hall. His last service is an address to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, in which he presents a carefully tabulated statement of all the salaries paid by the city—a most valuable and elaborate paper; and the Mayor repeats the conclusion expressed in his last annual Message, that, with a proper system of appointment, "the list of city employés might be reduced one-third." The board, of which he is a member, has, however, no authority to make a reform.

The distinctions of Mayor Grace's administration are, his resolute contest with banded politicians and corporations seeking to prey upon the city, the cleanliness of the streets, and the demonstration that under such a charter as the present one, and against illegitimate legislative interference, the most resolute and persistent Mayor is powerless. Mr. Grace has virtually relinquished his private business during his official term, and his appointments have been generally of the fittest persons whom he could induce to accept office. Errors of many kinds doubtless may be mentioned. But Mayor Grace's administration has been most creditable and honorable, and his successor will be fortunate if at the close of his term it may be said as truthfully as of the retiring magistrate that with the most enlightened public spirit he devoted himself with intelligence, energy, and firmness to the discharge of his great official trust.

A WISE RECOMMENDATION.

As Congress seems disposed to heed the excellent suggestions of the President, and to be in a working mood, we hope that it will promptly act upon his recommendation in regard to the approval of appropriation bills. To avoid the log-rolling extravagance known as the River and Harbor Bill, the President proposes an alternative: either the grants should be made in separate bills, each to be decided upon its merits, or the Constitution should be amended to allow Executive approval of certain appropriations and disapproval of others in the same bill.

The first method is open to the craft of the log-rolling spirit. For if the Cheesequakes bill failed, its friends would be very apt to revenge its failure upon the Cheesequakes of those who voted against it. But the second method is adopted in fourteen States, among which is New York, and in this State it has been found to be an excellent and economical provision. It is one of the propositions against which no objection whatever can be reasonably urged. There is no sounder or more unassailable principle than that all appropriations should rest exclusively upon their own merits, and that there should be a clearly defined responsibility for them.

This recommendation of the President's offers a very simple and practical remedy for one of the abuses which have deeply stirred public feeling. His veto of the River and Harbor Bill last summer, as was at once evident from the tone of the press, was heartily approved by the country, and there will be very great suspicion of any new bill of the same kind. But as there are proper objects included in such bills, such a safeguard as the President recommends will be gladly accepted. Indeed, there is not one of the Executive suggestions in the Message which does not merit immediate and favorable action. In its sagacious response to the plain indications of public sentiment and in the practical character of its recommendations the Message was a model.

THE SUPREME COURT AND ASSESSMENTS.

The Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the constitutionality of the law under which General Curtis was convicted, and which forbids one class of public officers to solicit or to receive contributions for political purposes from another class. Chief Justice Waite read the opinion sustaining the action of the Circuit Court, and Justice Bradley dissented in an opinion which stated that the law deprived a citizen of one of his inalienable rights, among which the Justice apparently includes that of extorting money by terror. The opinion of the Court is simple and unanswerable. It cites a long list of similar laws passed from the foundation of the government, the evident object in all of them being to promote efficiency and integrity in the discharge of official duties, and to maintain proper discipline in the public service. The opinion disposes in advance of Justice Bradley's grounds of dissent by saying: "The law contemplates no restrictions upon either giving or receiving, except so far as may be necessary to protect in some degree those in the public service against exactions through fear of personal loss." It enforces its general view with considerations which have been often urged in these columns, and which are familiar to all who have thought upon the subject. And the highest authority in the land has thus branded in the most indelible manner the wrong committed by Hubbell and his committee. The principle of the decision bears very much more strongly against Hubbell than against General Curtis, because the fear of personal loss was much greater in the case of the Hubbell circulars.

We see with pleasure that General Curtis recently wrote to a friend that "the suit is quite impersonal," and he expressly disclaims all purpose of solicitation under circumstances which interfered with voluntary giving. In the nature of things, however, as our parties are now organized, the solicitation of a regular party committee is necessarily coercive. But, as we remarked at the beginning of the suit by the New York Reform Association, it was entirely free of personal feeling, and was intended merely to test the validity of a law which was intended to correct a great abuse. The Association has succeeded in securing the affirmation of the law and the condemnation of the abuse, first from a very able Circuit Court, and finally from the Supreme tribunal.

This good result, which is a signal public benefit, is due in great part to the ability and unremitting devotion of the counsel of the Association, Messrs. Everett P. Wheeler and Frederick W. Whitridge. The brief prepared by these gentlemen for the hearing before the Supreme Court has been largely in substance reproduced in the opinion, and the result is one upon which they may be warmly congratulated.

HENRY JAMES, SENIOR.

The death of Henry James, Senior, removes one of the few men in the country of a true genius for metaphysical and theological research united with the most earnest religious faith and intellectual independence. He has led the life of a scholar, writing much, and occasionally publishing works distinguished no less by crisp brilliancy and felicity of style than by subtle thought. The friend of the intellectual leaders of the last generation in this country, he was prized by them as the most charming and stimulating of companions, and with their departure, and the recent death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, he has felt his own hold upon life, and even upon the desire of living, relaxed, and he has now joined them all. The character of his studies and speculations forbids a general popularity for his writings, but they are well worth attention for their masterly manner, while by the few of a kindred sympathy they will be valued as among the richest contributions that America has made to religious philosophy. Mr. James's distinguished son inherits from his father much of his fine analytic sense and dexterous literary touch.

BLOWING UP THE CITY.

One of the consequences of the paralyzing municipal system of New York, which embarrasses the most energetic Mayor, and of which we speak elsewhere, is that the streets seem to be helplessly at the mercy of what is called a Steam-heating Company. For many weeks the busiest streets were made impassable by excavations, and upheavals and annoyances of many kinds have followed, until at last an explosion took place, which might have had the most serious consequences. If a pipe laid in a situation where it should be strongest may blow up with the force of a little earthquake, lifting wagons and hurling paving-stones, it is not difficult to foresee the consequences of similar explosions in buildings. It is evidently a case for the much-harassed inspector.

If there were a little more pride and public spirit in the city, such municipal officers as Mayor Grace and Comptroller Campbell would be more cordially supported than they are, and the good-natured endurance of the indulgence of ridiculous whims and vexations which discredit the character of the city, and which those officers can not prevent, would end. There is no little village which would have tolerated the derangement of the streets during the last six months without an effective protest. But a New-Yorker is grateful if he can contrive to pick his way through the chaos without injury to life and limb.

COMEDY IN THE SENATE.

There have been some very comical objections offered to reform in the Senate, which serve not only to produce pleasant laughter, but to "give the measure" of the objectors. Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, for instance, remarked that he knew all about the bill. It was the work of certain holier-than-thou men outside of the Senate, and had been forced upon that body. The excellent Senator implies by such a sneer that everybody who proposes to correct an abuse or extirpate an evil assumes a Pharisaic superiority of sanctity. They certainly assume that their proposition would be an improvement upon the existing situation, or they would be very great fools to take the trouble to urge it. By the Senator's reasoning, Martin Luther in Germany, and the Long Parliament in England, and the Sons of Liberty in the American Revolution, and the advocates of the Reform Bill of 1832, and of the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, and of the restriction of slavery in the United States—in fact, of every progressive measure in political history and in every other department of human progress—were all holier-than-thou men. That is what Lord Beaconsfield thought of Mr. Gladstone. The Senator, with his nimble fancy, can doubtless imagine a sneak-thief caught in the act by a policeman withering the guardian of order by calling him a holier-than-thou man who pretends to be above prigging coats and hats.

Senator Voorhees objected that some foolish questions were alleged to have been asked at an examination. According to this acute statesman, to vote for the bill would be to vote for the foolish questions. The bill is a humbug, he declared. Yet not so much a humbug as such opposition. "We are higgling over a few thousand paltry places," he said, in substance, "as if there were not great questions before us." Is the public welfare one of those questions? If it be, the Senator could perhaps pause for a moment to hear a member of his own party, possibly of not less political perspicacity than himself, Mr. Hewitt, of New York. He writes on the 25th of October, 1882: "Unless the system which now prevails of appointment to office, and for organizing the office-holders into a ring for keeping themselves in office, shall be reformed, our system of free government will be destroyed."

Senator Plumb objected that the project came from outsiders. What is the sagacious Senator in the Capitol for?—to represent insiders or outsiders? The people and public opinion, as the Senator will remember in his better moments, are outside of the august Chamber which he adorns. If he had done his part toward permitting them to be heard inside of the Chamber, the people would not have been compelled to speak so very audibly at the late elections. The outsiders, although not Senators like Mr. Plumb, are not pariahs. They are the people of the United States. It is their will which Senators are elected to represent. It is their will, honestly and lawfully expressed, which is the government of the country; and it is because certain abuses interfere with that honest expression that they—to wit, the outsiders—propose to correct them, as they correct all abuses, by respectfully stating their desire and electing representatives who will carry it into effect.

PERSONAL.

The appreciation in value of real estate in Washington may be inferred from the fact that when Joshua Hill, of Georgia, was in the United States Senate, he bought for $7000 an old field in the suburbs of the city, holding it as an investment for his children. The British Minister built a fine residence in that neighborhood, making it a fashionable district, and Mr. Hill's purchase is now worth about $250,000.

—The late Mr. Robert L. Stuart, with his brother, the late Alexander Stuart, had been for many years in the habit of giving so many thousands of dollars to some form of charity, whether the year's profits had been large or small. In 1852 they began with gifts of $14,000. Up to the time of Alexander Stuart's death in 1879 they had given away a total of $1,391,000. Since then Robert L. had given for benevolent purposes over $500,000. He was connected with the New York Historical Society, the American Academy of Sciences, the Museum of Natural History—the presidency of which he resigned in 1880—and the Young Men's Christian Association, of whose Board of Trustees he was president. He was a member of the Century Club, and of the Union League Club from its formation in April, 1861. Mr. Stuart was interested in art, and his beautiful home in Fifth Avenue contained many paintings, marbles, and bronzes. This year he completed a new residence at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street, which ranks as one of the finest in the neighborhood. Despite his age, Mr. Stuart continued his active interest in everything pertaining to the public welfare of the city of his birth, and to the last maintained his position as one of her leading citizens.

—General Rosecrans recently asserted before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs that it took more time and cost more money to take freight from New York to San Francisco by rail than it would were the proposed interoceanic canal in operation; that it now took forty-five days and cost $2 50 per 100 pounds, or more, to transport ordinary freight, under favorable circumstances, from New York to San Francisco by rail, whereas, were the Nicaraguan canal in operation, it could be carried in about twenty days for $1 per 100 pounds.

—Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, recently alluded to the Federal Council of Switzerland as "the most permanent government in Europe," since in eighteen years it had only twice happened that a member seeking re-election failed to obtain it. The death of M. Pioda, the Swiss Ambassador to Italy, reminds one that a similar permanence characterizes that nation's diplomatic service. He had held his post for eighteen years. Herr Van Tschudy has represented Switzerland at Vienna for sixteen years, and Dr. Kern has been in Paris for a quarter of a century. During the past twenty years, on the other hand, France has sent seven different ambassadors to Switzerland, England has sent six, and Italy four. It must be remembered, too, that the Swiss hold general elections every three years, and that their President holds office only one year.

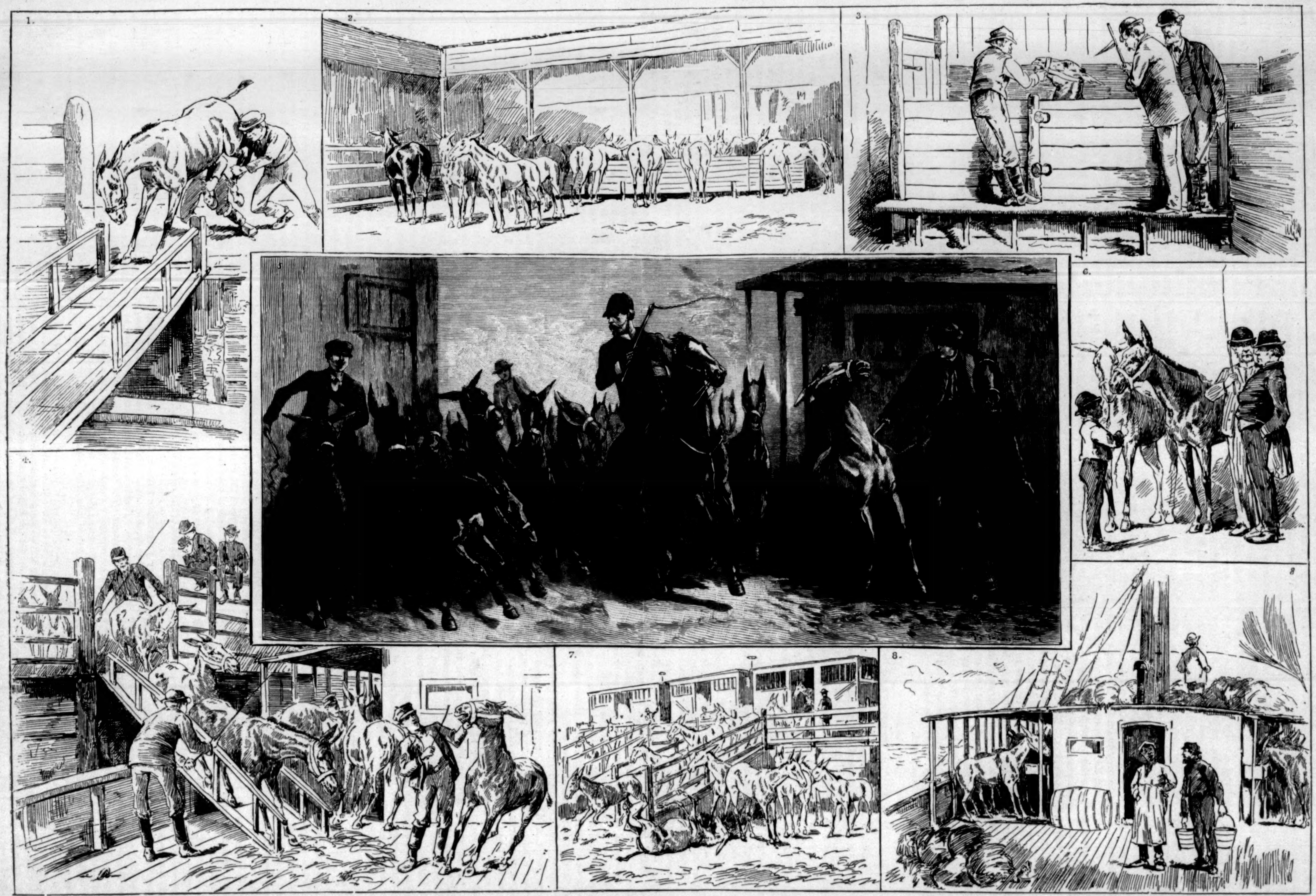
—England is just now in an ecclesiastical flutter on the going over to the Church of Rome of Sir Tatton Sykes and his family. Sir Tatton is quite rich, his income from his Yorkshire estates being some $180,000 a year. The three properties of Lord Herries, Sir Tatton Sykes, and Lord Ripon, all of whom are now Roman Catholics, constitute a continuous stretch of land sixty-eight miles long, reaching nearly across the finest portion of Yorkshire. Another notable conversion to the Catholic faith is also whispered of in London. It is said to be quite as important, and indeed sensational, as any of those above named.

—The many friends of John G. Saxe will be glad to learn from a paragraph in the Albany *Argus* of December 17 that, although suffering acutely from neuralgia, there is no impairment of mental strength, and that the reports of his having experienced softening of the brain have no foundation in fact. He reads regularly, but feels indisposed to writing; still, in conversation his logic, fancy, and analytical abilities are shown to be as marked as at any time. His many friends and admirers, regretting to learn of his illness, will nevertheless be gratified to know that the impressions concerning any disorder or decay of the mind of the sufferer are totally devoid of truth.

—Mrs. Langtry seems hardly to have electrified the critical folk and people of Boston. A newspaper correspondent says: "Her houses are not large. The lower part of the house is filled, but in the upper portions there are always long rows of vacant seats. Her acting is not liked, and her claims to beauty are contested. Her Boston engagement is a disappointment to everybody, and must be a bitter one to her managers and to herself."

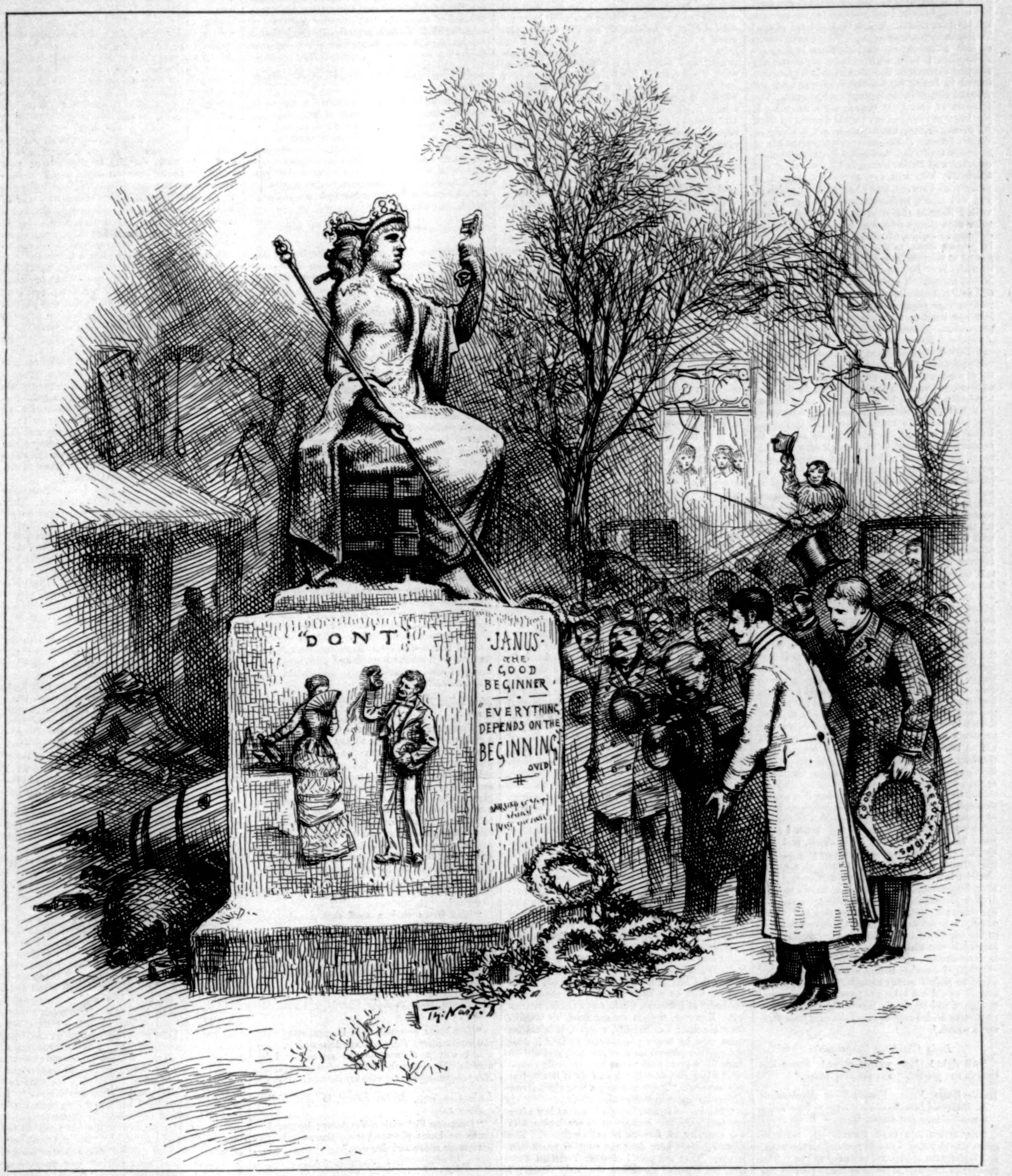
—The Empress Eugénie since the death of the Prince Imperial has seemed to bestow her greatest affection on the Princess Beatrice, and there are French people who believe that her great wealth will be bestowed on the Princess. The Empress has aged very much. She is thin, pale, suffers much from rheumatism, is very nervous, and easily excited.

—The election of Colonel Tom Ochiltree to Congress from Texas is one of the crowning humors of the late campaign. It was attributable to his wide personal popularity and the support of his father and other relatives. Though known to be a Republican and a Grant man, he was elected as an Independent, and is free to vote for Mr. Carlisle for Speaker, or for a Republican if Mr. Randall gets the nomination. The Colonel quite enjoys the joke about the Christmas present a young lady purchased for him. It is a pretty little hatchet decorated with a picture of the youthful George, the cherry-tree, and old man Washington commending his son for being so brave that he could not tell a lie. On the obverse side of this picture is the great George in military dress riding his charger to glory. Colonel Ochiltree says that the hatchet is a compliment to his "voracious veracity."



1. A Rebellious Subject. 2. In the Yard. 3. Examining the Mule. 4. Shipping Mules for the West Indies. 5. Driving Mules from the Yard. 6. Bartering for a Team. 7. Leaving the Cars. 8. On Board.

THE SHIPMENT OF MULES FROM NEW YORK.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 841.]



BEFORE BEGINNING THE NEW YEAR GIVE A THOUGHT TO JANUS.—[SEE PAGE 837.]

FRESCOES.

BY OUIDA.

PART I.

The Countess of Charterys, Milton Ernest, Berks, England, to the Hon. Henry Hollys, English Embassy, Rome, Italy (*by telegram*):

"*June* 16, 1881.—Send me somebody to paint the ball-room."

Mr. Hollys to Lady Charterys (*ditto*):

"Be more explicit. Fresco, oils, guache, panels, wood, satin, plaster?"

Lady Charterys to Mr. Hollys (*ditto*):

"Fresco. But be quick about it. The P. and P. are coming."

Mr. Hollys to Lady Charterys (*writes*):

"MY DEAR ESMÉE,—It is of no kind of use telegraphing; the thing can't be done like that. Surely even you, my dear, might know enough about art to be aware that you can't have a room painted in fresco as easily as you can put up a French wall-paper. Your ball-room is as big as the Colonnas' here. It will take a long time, and it will cost you a great deal if you have a true artist, and you can't employ a mere copyist: I give even you credit for wishing for something original. When do you expect the P. and P.? I know the very man for your work, but I am not at all sure he would come, and you must understand that the time required would be considerable. Yours ever," etc.

Lady Charterys (*telegraphs*):

"Send the man. H. R. H. has not fixed visit."

Mr. Hollys (*writes*):

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—Allow me to observe that a man is not a packet of cigars to be sent by the parcels post. I told you that I was not sure the person I had in my eye would consent to take your work in hand. I have sounded him since then. I think he is not unwilling. He has true feeling—indeed, absolute genius—but nobody knows him. In these Italian studios a man who is out of the common run may languish all his life undiscovered. Conventionality always gets to the front in these miserable and most vulgar days. You must understand that if he come over, your expenses will be very great: do you mind that? But I never knew you 'mind that' yet: more's the pity. And another thing occurs to me—will it be quite proper? He is if not a young, well, not an old man, and exceedingly good-looking. I have my doubts about the proprieties of the thing; and whatever you do wrong they blame me for; you know that. I am, as ever, yours," etc.

Lady Charterys (*telegraphs*):

"Send him. Give him anything you like. Propriety? Tabby is always here."

Mr. Hollys (*writes*):

"MY DEAR ESMÉE,—Owing to the fact that in a hitherto incomplete state of civilization telegrams are unable to accomplish either punctuation or notes of interrogation, they remain slightly and regrettably incoherent. Besides which, they are very expensive. You disdain this, but I don't. You are a very rich woman, my dear Esmée. I am a very poor man. I am shocked at you calling your most illustrious and reverend grandmother, Tabby; but it is, I suppose, an incurably bad habit: you have so many equally bad, equally incurable. It is a hideous social responsibility to be your trustee, and I am always at a total loss to imagine why I was selected for the extreme but perilous honor. Thank God, you are of age! To revert to your ball-room. Why I have selected this artist—by-the-way, his name is Renzo—is because I have seen a little out-of-the-way mountain church in the Abruzzi that he has decorated in fresco for the sheer love of art; the Abruzzi village is his birth-place, his *paese*. The frescoes of that little church are a marvel. If you knew anything of art I could descant on them for twenty sheets; but as you do not, it would be waste of time. Suffice it, representing the life of S. Julian Ospitador, they recall Botticelli by their coloring, and Michael Angelo by their vigor and anatomy. You will say I am no niggard in praise; no, I am not, when I am pleased, which is, you will admit, sufficiently rare. I have since visited Renzo's studio in the Via Magutta, and there seen things of a most admirable fancy and delicacy in design, which, joined to the fact that he prefers fresco to any other medium, has suggested to me that he is the person most adapted to make your ball-room worthy of the rest of Milton Ernest. You yourself, I believe, are wedded to Paris upholstery, and are actually inclined to turn your grand old house into a copy of the last new hôtel in the Avenue de Villiers, with a picturesque jumble inside it of *turqueries* and *pochades*. Do not mistake me; I adore Japan and Turkey in their place, and I can stand a few *impressionistes;* but they are none of them in their place in a Tudor mansion which has its own old oak and elm furniture; nor do the contents of a Teheran bazar look well emptied out in a hall that possesses panels carved by Grinling Gibbons. To return once more to Renzo: I need not say that one would hardly ask him to decorate a ball-room, even yours, if he were a famous artist; as it is, he is quite unknown, and poor in the actual unromantic sense of that unpleasant word. At first he would not hear of it, and appeared inclined to be angered and offended; but little by little I soothed him down, and persuaded him that it would be a very delightful thing to decorate a ball-room fifty feet long with the Decamerone or the Orlando stories, absolutely at his own fancy and pleasure. I have assured him he shall have his own apartments, and be undisturbed. He leaves by the steamer from Civita Vecchia to-morrow, and, I suppose, will be at Milton Ernest some time next week. I hope you will be tolerably civil to him, for the man is a gentleman. As for paying him, he insists that you shall give him what you please when the work is finished, as they used to do in the palaces and monasteries to Sodoma or Domenichino. This may be Italian astuteness, for when people say, 'what you please,' they expect you to give them three times what they would have the impudence to ask. Or it may be pride; it strikes me that Messer Renzo has this mark of race, though in the Abruzzi village they said he was the nameless son of a poor girl who died and left him to be brought up by the parish priest. But this does not concern you. You, with your peculiar views of art, will scarcely consider him higher than your groom, not to be named beside your tailor. You take tea with your tailor, don't you? One word more. Be sure you interfere as little as your nature will permit you to do with the designs and decisions of the Roman artist I send you. He will know what he is about, and you won't. Remember that in fresco no one can tell the effect till the coloring is seen as a whole. I believe it was Sir Joshua Reynolds who said that what is unfinished should never be shown to children or simpletons. You are neither the one nor the other; but—you are opinionated and capricious. Let the dash represent the very biggest of big big D's if by so doing it can impress this fact upon you with anything like the force that is to be desired.

"P.S.—I imagine Renzo is coming by sea because he hadn't money enough to come by land; and he would not take any payment in advance, though it will be simply justice for you to repay eventually all his expenses. Take care your plaster is sound."

Lady Charterys (*telegraphs*):

"All right! How you do prose! Street has seen to the plaster. Thanks very much."

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, Berks, England, to the Reverend Don Eccellino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco, per Roma, Regno d' Italia:

"REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,—It rains so much this day that I can do nothing on the walls, so I consecrate my leisure morning to you. The country of England appears to me to possess the peculiarity of looking very green and very wet, also of having houses at every yard: it has a terribly overfurnished look, and a disagreeable quantity of chimneys: the chimneys are very tall, belonging to furnaces or factories; the houses are very low. London looks provincial and commonplace after Rome, and you fancy you will knock the roofs off with your hat. The atmosphere of the great city appears of the thickness of polenta: you feel inclined to cut it with a spoon. However, I did not stay in London, but came on straightway to Berkshire, after going to the National Gallery for an hour, where they have some very valuable pictures which ought never to have left our shores.

"Berkshire is, it appears, the name of a province. It is very pretty and wooded, and reminds me of parts of Umbria, only here there are no mountains to lend majesty to the repose; and the sky is a woolly-looking, low-hanging, pallid sky, in lieu of our glorious arch of radiant light. At a little village station there were waiting for me a vehicle on very high wheels and a most admirably made horse. It seems the station exists on purpose for this house of Milton Ernest. A couple of miles of wooded lane brought me to the house; it was now evening. I was shown at once to my rooms, and a bath had been made ready, and they served me dinner. I saw and heard of nobody but a servant, who appeared to have the special office of waiting on me, and who happily knew a little French. In the morning I was shown the ball-room by a grave and stately functionary, and told that her ladyship would receive me at noon in the library. So she did. I had figured to myself a person of middle age, but she is evidently quite young. She made me a little frigid nod of her head, and asked if I had all I wanted; and, without waiting for an answer, inquired how Mr. Hollys was, who is, it seems, a cousin and sort of guardian of hers; and, equally without waiting for reply, said that I had better begin at once, as she was in a hurry about it; and she hoped I would make it Corôt-like and pretty, and drape the figures, because people were so silly. Then she nodded again, and I understood that the interview was over.

"Pardon my incoherent gossip. I am more skilled with brushes than with pens, as you know; but you forgive all blunders and errors of your godson. This is a very grand and gloomy place; I admire it, but it oppresses me; its terraces are too sombre under their heavy cedar and elm boughs, its fine hall is too dark with all its armor and its oak, yet I would not alter it; it is all in character and unison with the deep green of the landscape and the gray tones of the atmosphere. What is not in character with it is its mistress. Figure to yourself a very lovely woman, very whimsical, very frivolous, very disdainful, always dressed in the extreme of the *mode*, even when she has a breakfast gown on; she is young, but she darkens her eyes, I suspect her of even tingeing her hair, and she is altogether absolutely artificial. She is not married, as I supposed her to be from her title; she inherited the title, it appears, from her mother, who, on the death of the late Earl Charterys, took it, she being his sister, in default of male heirs. This can be done, it seems, with some English titles; with some it can not. The result here has been to invest a foolish and mindless woman with an enormous property and an immense power, of which she is as indifferent as a child would be of a jewelled reliquary. You must not suppose from this that I have seen much of her, but she is one of whom it is easy to take a diagnosis at a glance.

"The house is full of gay people. It seems that the season of London is just at its close. All these gay people tormented me endlessly the first few days; it was impossible to work, and their suggestions drove me mad; I told Lady Charterys at once that if I were not allowed to lock the ball-room doors I would pack up my color-box and go back to Italy without even sketching the cartoons. She assented with a very bad grace, and I am now at peace. I have nothing otherwise to complain of; I have my rooms to myself, and they bring me things to eat—very good things—and French wines, and on the whole treat me much as if I were a prisoner of state. I perceive, however, that the servants have a natural contempt for me; I am on a level in their minds with the glazier who comes to mend the ball-room windows. It does not matter.

"This ball-room is, by-the-way, a fine room inside, grandly proportioned, with a domed ceiling.

"I have been greatly disappointed not to find, as I hoped to find, wet plaster; in a newly built room one might reasonably expect to have it so. But instead I find the walls prepared in the usual modern manner; that is, dry and slightly granulated. I did not conceal my dislike for this process, and told the lady straightway that she could not possibly look for any luminosity or transparency in frescoes upon walls cemented by this method, and that she might as well have had large panels done in oil. She did not appear to care. I imagine she only has these wall painted in fresco because somebody has told her it is *chic*.

"Architectually the ball-room is a frightful mistake; it has been built out by Lady Charterys within the last year; and it suits an old Tudor hall as well as a huge gilded glass vase, made yesterday at Baccarat, would suit a Cellini mounting. However, though incongruous, its proportions are fine; and happily, without, it is hidden from view by heavy plantations, so that it does not mar the general sight of the hall, and will no doubt be a great gain to the gayety-loving châtelaine when she fills her house as it is filled at this moment. There was only a long and narrow gallery to dance in before this erection.

"The house is fine, though it seems low after our palaces. The lackeys in it are legion, and the quantity of flowers is extraordinary. The picture-gallery here does not contain much that is old. They are proud of their Venetian Masters, but most of these are obviously copies: I offended a very stately old dame who is here by saying so: she is grandmother to my patroness, the mother, that is, of her father, who is dead. The name of this terrible lady is Cairnwrath of Oswestry; I copy this appalling title from one of her cards. If I be on a level with the glaziers in the eyes of the household, I am on a level with the upholsterer in the eyes of this terrible old dowager, whose regard is enough to change one into stone.

"The grayness of the light troubles me; it confuses me; they say it is always like this. I confess I was happier painting in your holy little church, my beloved Father; I think I should not have come here at all, if I had made any money during the winter and spring; but I was absolutely *a secco*, and hunger was very near. A good skipper I knew offered me a free passage from Civita Vecchia to the port of London, and I sold a little bronze figure I had to obtain enough to come on from the coast here, and buy the necessary colors. In this house, of course, I want no money: it is well, as I have none. Perhaps the servants smell out that. They are always very like rats, who know where the grain lies.

"I salute you, beloved and revered Father. I am now going out in the park. Everything is very wet and dark, but it all smells very sweetly, and the deer are beautiful creatures. I am never tired of watching their graceful postures, of studying their elegant groups. To think that a woman should own them who never looks at them!"

Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"Your Renzo is here, and seems to me to do nothing except stand and stare at huge sketches of gray paper, making lines on them now and then with a bit of chalk. He has turned me out of the ball-room, insisted on being allowed to lock the doors and work by himself. I am sure he only smokes and sleeps. He would be intolerable if he were not so handsome. He is wonderfully handsome. I remember a picture of Cæsar Borgia just like him."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"There are three portraits of the famous Cesare, each one utterly unlike the other two. Which do you mean? I see no resemblance to any. I told you he must be let alone; no man can do anything worth doing if he has a lot of frivolous people pestering him at his elbows. Of course he has to think out his cartoons. You can't alter a line once done in fresco. If you make a mistake, there it is forever, in a fine and complete allegory of life. You fine ladies understand neither tempera nor trouble."

Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"I mean Columbus, not the Borgia man; we have a portrait of Columbus in the gallery. Your 'friend' is an interesting person, and speaks exquisite French. It seems he studied for years in Paris. I suppose his method is all right, but he is awfully slow about it. If the P. and P. do come, I shall have fluted satin put up *pro tem.* He told us yesterday all about his own life. He was quite a poor lad, no shoes and stockings, running wild on the hills, and living on chestnuts. It seems the priest brought him up, but I don't see how the priest, who is quite a poor old man—though a noble, he says—gave him that grand air he has got. I asked him to dinner, and he said he had no evening clothes, and I suggested his getting them, and he made me quite a scene, but very grandly, not a bit violently—something like Chastelard, you know. Have all the Italians that sort of manner? Does it come of their having been Romans once? You know what I mean—the *civis Romanus*, isn't it? I mean what Lord Palmerston and dear Lord Beaconsfield used to make every Englishman look like abroad."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"There are few Italians who are pure Romans; a great number are Latins, a great number Greeks, quantities Jews, and some by descent Lydians, and otherwise Oriental. It seems to me ominous that you find Renzo so interesting that you are even induced to cast a backward, if wandering, glance over the field of history. Chastelard seems to me, too, an allusion fraught with untold tragedies. I shall be truly sorry if I have sent this unfortunate man into peril, for he has the soul of a great artist in him. I ought to have known that Diane Chasseresse will not spare even a dog, when she has for the moment no lions."

Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"Was Diana such a muff that she shot her *dog?* I thought nobody but cockneys and volunteers ever did that. As for there being nobody else, there are in the house at this moment Bertie Prendergast, Lord Colchester, Colonel Royallieu, the Conte de Surennes, and Dickie Haward, and Vic. will be here in a week."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"You know very well what I mean, and I wish you would marry Vic. and have done with it. He would suit you down to the ground, and he wouldn't let you make victims of poor painters. *Are* you getting flirting with my Roman? Don't."

Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest, to Mr. Hollys, Rome:

"Does one flirt with a Trastevere beggar because he looks picturesque on the steps? Do have more sense and decency."

Mr. Hollys, Rome, to Lady Charterys, Milton Ernest:

"Your reply is in bad style, and is, besides, only an *équivoque*. Can't you go away on a round of visits, and leave the frescoes to be painted in peace?"

Leonis Renzo, Milton Ernest, to Don Eccel'ino Ferraris, Florinella-sopra-Subiaco:

"It gives me pleasure that my tedious scrawls enliven your solitude, dearest and best friend, to whom I owe the eternal debt of that knowledge which, if be not power, is at least compensation and consolation. I inclose you a sketch of this house, and another of my patroness. Patroness is not a pretty word, but since it is the one that describes the actual position—*lasciammolo star!*

"This sketch of her does not, I must confess, do her full justice. She is handsomer than a few lines of red chalk can describe. She has the wondrous blush-rose skin of the best English beauty. I did not think it could be natural. She would be a perfectly beautiful woman if her mouth were not so contemptuous; and her eyes have a dissatisfied, impatient expression: it is the look of a cynic, not of a young Venus. I presume she has had the misfortune to want nothing all her life, which is almost as bad as wanting everything. I told her that in Italy, if I had a few coppers to buy me some bread and fruit, and enough colors to paint with, I was quite content with my *déjeuner de soleil*. She yawned a little, and said she had been a whole winter in Italy: she did not care about it: she had liked the riding on the Campagna. She supposed when people could paint, it must amuse them very much, for she knew Leighton and Millais, and they never seemed to be bored anywhere; but she did not see how it could be amusing to do it, though it looked pretty when it was done. She said she knew women went in for art—it was all the rage just now; but she did not go in for it herself: they only made dowdies of themselves; your *couturière* knows what you ought to put on much better than you do. Though others had come up, she still thought Worth better than any of them; when you had a costume of his, and a bonnet of Mrs. Brown's, you were sure to be all right. Then she opened her large, contemptuous eyes, and seemed surprised that I did not reply. I never even heard of Mrs. Brown!

"It is plain that she thinks me a barbarian, and I confess I think her one—only occupied, like a true savage, with her beads and feathers; the whole domain of art and fancy and meditation closed to her; her whole horizon bounded by a blank vast wall of egotism and inanity!

"The manners of the English ladies do not strike me as at all distinguished: they want grace; they have an unpleasant, ill-bred manner of staring; they are very eager to secure the attention of their men. All this I observe when they come into the ball-room, for they quite forget I am there. They are very fashionable, no doubt—I know enough of Paris to know that; but they are exaggerated in all they say and do; they have not the charm of the Parisienne, nor the grace of our own women; not even the grace of one of our peasant-girls drawing water at Arricia or carrying sea-weed at Amalfi.

"Apropos of peasant girls, I have chosen the pastorals of Theocritus for the frescoes. They will offer beautiful scenes. Miladi asked me on the second day how long it would take to complete them. I said a year at least; perhaps two years. She was astonished and angry, and said, in return, that she wanted it finished by the autumn. I thereon told her, very simply, that she did not seem to me to require an artist; she should summon a decorator; there were plenty in London and Paris. She seemed still more astonished, and went away. I wrote a little note requesting permission to leave. She wrote me another little note begging me to go on with my labors, and take two years if necessary: the Prince and Princess had postponed their visit. I did not know what princes she meant, but I consented to stay. I would not deny that I am glad to stay. The work interests me, and after years of privation and solitude and struggle with adverse fortune, there is a repose in the mere freedom from taking thought for the morrow which is welcome. I can give myself up absolutely to my creations; I have no need to think how the studio rent can be paid, or whether I shall have *soldi* enough for a cup of coffee in the morning. What I have envied to rich people has always been their independence.

"One night, quite late, she sent me a verbal invitation to dine with her and her guests and the formidable grandmamma. I did not think the method of invitation courteous; I sent back a verbal message that I was occupied. Next day she sent word that she wished to see me. I could do no less than wait upon her. She was in her own room, a pretty little niche of Saxe china and Louis XVI. lacquered whitewood. She put out her hand for the first time, and seemed surprised that I bowed over it, only touching the tips of the fingers. 'Why would you not come to us last night?' she said, abruptly: she has always that abrupt manner—they all have it, and yet, despite it, they never appear to be in earnest. I answered her that I had been occupied, and added that I did not know it was English etiquette to invite people by word of mouth through a servant. She colored a little at that. 'Oh, I beg your pardon, I did not mean anything rude,' she said, in her quick fashion; 'I thought you might be bored, all alone. We are all horribly bored, though I have my people in relays; only eight days each set of them. Well, will you dine to-night, now *I* ask you?' What could I say? I said the truth—that I had no evening clothes, no *bout de toilette* of any kind. It might be a humiliating confession, but it did not seem so to me. She looked astonished. 'But why don't you telegraph for your things?' she asked; 'surely your man could send you all you want from Rome.' I laughed outright. 'Miladi,' I said to her, 'I possess no servant in Rome, and no fine clothes in Rome or elsewhere. I supposed that Signor Hollys would have told you I am a man so poor that I might very possibly have died of sheer hunger if you had not summoned me for this commission of your ball-room.' She grew now quite pale. I saw then that she does not paint her face; the blush-rose color is natural. 'I am very sorry,' she murmured, quite as if the fault was hers; 'but why shouldn't I—why shouldn't you—you can have any quantity of money that you like.' 'Pardon me, miladi,' I said to her—and I suppose I looked angry—'I want for nothing here. I merely told you the truth because unless I had given you the true reason I should have seemed callous to your courtesy. But you can not buy clothes for me as you do for all those powdered gentlemen in your antechambers. When the frescoes are finished, you can pay for them what you and your friends think is just. If you do not like them, you will give me nothing. I shall always remain your debtor for a year of happy labor, and of immunity from the little daily burdens and cares which accompany poverty.' She said not a word, and I bowed very low, and left the room, going out of it backward.

"I confess that I felt I had had the best of the-argument, the *beau rôle* of the interview; which, for a man who is in the ridiculous position of being without an evening coat, is not a small triumph. It seemed to me that miladi had never before conceived the possibility of any one existing without a valet and a suit of dress clothes. There is one thing quite certain, she from this moment can not confuse me with the *fournisseur*; the *fournisseur*, whether of Bond Street, the Boulevards, or the Graben, would never be without the correct conventional garments of broadcloth. For me a white serge jacket in summer, and an old brown velvet one in winter, is enough—if they would only be so good as to wear forever."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1883.

I do not wish to be too rash,
But yet I do resolve to try,
This coming year, to pay in cash
For everything that I may buy.

I'm quite determined, if I can,
My conscience never more to snub;
To be a more domestic man,
And come home early from my club.

I think that I shall try to do
With half the number of cigars;
And cabs are so expensive too,
I'll take the elevated cars.

And I have had a notion long
That it would pay, at any price,
To sometimes own that I am wrong,
And always take my wife's advice.

A man may always live and learn,
A man may always live and mend:
I'll just let Polly have her turn,
Then on the rest I can depend.

JANUS.

[See Illustration on Page 833.]

Janus was paid great honor by the Romans as the god of a "good beginning," they, as a rule, pondering well the prospects of an undertaking before entering upon it. In his left hand is a key, to show that he opens at the beginning, and shuts at the end. The sceptre in his right is a sign that he controls the progress of every undertaking. The first day of January, a month named after him, was the occasion of a celebration in his honor, when the people brought him offerings, and adorned his statue with fresh laurel boughs.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"We hear," said the *Royal Gazette*, of New York, January 1, 1783, "that according to the ancient practice of this city, the clergy and the chief citizens will attend with the congratulations of the season, after church this morning, upon the General, Admiral, and Governor." The day was kept in the midst of war and siege, privation and disaster, with something of its old hilarity. The British officers had borrowed the New York custom; the compliments of the season were exchanged, the streets rang with revelry, and the precarious rule of the English garrison did not prevent the celebration of the New-Year's feast of St. Nicholas. The custom outlived the war. It received the sanction of Washington himself. Seven years later, January 1, 1790, the citizens of New York again paid their New-Year's compliments to a Chief Magistrate and a commander. But it was no longer a British General and Admiral, but the first President of the United States, to whom they gave their warmest greeting.

Washington in 1790 lived at the Franklin House, at the corner of Pearl and Cherry streets. Here, with Mrs. Washington, he received his guests. The day was soft and mild—one of those bright illusions that sometimes break in upon our wintry clime. At twelve o'clock all the citizens made their calls. In the evening the ladies came to Mrs. Washington's reception. The moon was full and bright; the air so soft that the belles and matrons of New York came in their summer dresses. Tea and coffee, plain and plum cake, were the only refreshments. It was here that Washington made his famous remarks upon the New York custom. He asked its origin, and was told that it was the annual practice of our Dutch forefathers. The Chief paused awhile, and then, in his stateliest manner, said: "The highly favored situation of New York will in process of time attract emigrants who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners. But, let whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial, cheerful observance of New-Year's Day."

But between 1783 and 1790 there was a great gulf to be passed, a radical change, to decide for all ages the destiny of New York. Its New-Year's Day was still celebrated in 1783 under a royal flag, and the bitterness of warfare still divided the New World. A writer in the *Royal Gazette* asserts "that nothing but a continuation of coercive measures will bring these stubborn people to a proper sense of the duty they owe their mother country." The royalists had not yet lost all hope. France, they said, would abandon the Americans; it had learned to distrust them. "Why," said one writer, "does not the ministry confide in the loyal people, put arms in their hands, and let them conquer the country?" The British, it seems, had never been perfectly sure of the American royalists, and had refused to arm them. Meantime the great victories of the British arms in Europe and the East and West Indies filled every royalist with exultation. Governor James Robertson proclaimed a Thanksgiving in New York on Thursday, January 23. The citizens, weary of war, full of the impulse of freedom, were called upon to give thanks for the royal victories. With reluctant steps, no doubt, they made their way to the loyal churches. For the last time they gave thanks for the triumphs of the royal flag.

One reads with singular interest the *Royal Gazette* of a hundred years ago. Its columns and advertisements lead us back to a clear conception of our national progress and of the littleness of the past. Its mighty nations are small communities of a few millions; its grand armies number eight or ten thousand men; its ships that sweep the seas were of five hundred to a thousand tons. The finest packets that left New York for London were only three hundred and fifty tons. Mr. Washington threatened New York with ten or twelve thousand men, and Carleton or Robertson had nearly as many. Beyond the Hudson stretched a wilderness filled with savages. The largest city of the coast, Philadelphia, had a population of about twenty thousand. The newspaper is full of interesting suggestions. Here a young man advertises for a place as clerk; perhaps he was successful, became a merchant prince, and died so long ago. A fine house is to be let in Wall Street; it is lost to-day in the stately modern edifices. A dentist advertises for a row of front teeth. Mrs. Loftus offers for sale her seat, Loftus Hall, at Hallet's Cove, and much other property. A proclamation orders all ships to be removed, when unladen, to Newtown Creek. Tavern-keepers are to take out licenses for the sale of liquors at the Treasury, in Pearl Street. Rivington has a list of new novels, "now first arrived in America." *Cecilia*, by Miss Burney, in five volumes, bound in three, at three dollars, leads the gay literary fleet, and is almost the only one that has escaped the wave of Lethe. Then follow *Mount Kenneth*, two volumes; *The Masquerade*, two volumes; *The Masked Wedding*, one volume; *Anna*, a novel, one volume; *Fashionable Follies*, two volumes; *The Sylph*, "vastly admired," we are told; and *Julia de Roubillac*. Our forefathers were evidently fond of fiction, and lived in romantic dreams.

Yet the dreadful realities of the time were more startling than any romance. The patriot might well tremble as he read the Thanksgiving proclamation of the royalist Governor. Never had England been more terrible by sea and land than in the year 1782. Rodney, in April, had, amidst seas of blood, defeated the fleet of De Grasse, which had given liberty to America. Parker had filled, in 1781, the German Ocean with the slaughter of the Dutch. In India the English triumphed over French and Hindoo. The horrible picture had just been completed by the fearful scenes of Gibraltar. Here (September 13) the sea and land had been covered with such a dreadful massacre of the Spanish as had never been known before. The blue Mediterranean floated a host of the dead, and the fateful rock streamed with blood. It was for these frightful scenes that the Governor called upon the people of New York to give thanks. But happily they were the last victories of the war. The preliminaries of peace had been signed November 30; they were yet to be ratified, while New York was rejoicing in the opening year. But the peaceful change was still unknown to the royal garrison, and the new-born nation was still in doubt and tears.

It is a hundred years ago since the last royal Governor received the citizens of New York. The "ancient practice of our forefathers" still survives. The people of New York still exchange their greetings on New-Year's Day. The day is hallowed by the hopes of the future, of progress, of freedom, and of reform. On this day New York extends its greeting to all lands and nations, wishing them peace, tranquillity, and abundance, and in the spirit of its forefathers invokes for all mankind a "Happy New Year."

Eugene Lawrence.

THE ERIE GRAIN ELEVATOR.

Opposite New York, on the New Jersey side of the North River, the most prominent buildings are the two great elevators in which is handled all the grain arriving from the West over the Erie and Pennsylvania railroads. The Erie Elevator is located near the Pavonia Ferry slips, and, on account of its great length, appears to be the larger of the two; but in reality they are of exactly the same capacity, and will each hold 1,500,000 bushels of grain. Its prominence and imposing appearance have induced our artist to select the former as a subject for illustration. This elevator was erected, at a cost of a million of dollars, by the late Jesse Hoyt, and opened for business in the summer of 1880. Although in it is handled all the grain of the Erie Railway, it is not owned by that corporation.

The elevator is a peculiarly American institution, and was made necessary by our immense exportations of grain to foreign ports. In continental Europe the methods in vogue for handling grain are of the most primitive, and calculated to excite the derision of American handlers. In the Black Sea ports of Russia, for instance, whole cargoes of grain are loaded into vessels from baskets borne on men's backs between the store-houses and the point of delivery. A Swedish invention is a floating elevator with a jointed folding "leg," which, although far superior to the basket system, is almost as much inferior to the floating elevators of American grain ports.

The Erie Elevator is 428 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 156 feet high. Its walls to the cupola, or upper story, are eight inches in thickness, and built of planks laid flat one upon the other so as to break joints; the frame-work of the cupola is a system of light iron trusses. On the ground-floor of the building are double tracks running its entire length, and each affording room for ten cars.

The cars, loaded with wheat, corn, rye, barley, or oats, are run in upon one of the inclosed tracks, and twenty men, or two to each car, open their doors, letting a shower of grain fall into a "sink," covered with an iron grating, directly beneath. After all has run out that will of its own accord, each man seizes the handles of a large wooden scoop, forming part of what is known as the Kirby grain shovel, and in seven minutes the car is emptied of its contents. To rings in the wooden scoop are attached a rope, which runs through several pully-blocks to an iron shoe. This shoe travels upon an endless chain, running vertically to a height of about twelve feet. A certain link in the chain catches the shoe, draws it to the top, and at the same time, by means of the connecting rope, the scoop full of grain is drawn to the door of the car. At the top the link lets go of the shoe, which slides quickly to the bottom of the vertical chain, the scoop is drawn back and refilled, and the operation is repeated. By this simple and ingenious contrivance a car-load of from 700 to 1000 bushels of grain is emptied at an expense of twenty cents; whereas to perform the same operation by manual labor costs seventy cents, or more than three times as much money, and occupies a much longer time.

Into the sink beneath the car, which has a depth of fifteen feet, reaches one of the long "legs," or elevators, of which there are twenty in the building. It contains an endless belt 320 feet long, upon which are fastened 320 tin scoops or buckets, each of which will hold eight quarts. These buckets scoop up the grain from the sink at the rate of 8000 bushels per hour, and carrying it to the top of the building, discharge it into a garner, or deep bin, from the bottom of which it flows downward into the scale hopper, of which there are twenty, each capable of containing a car-load of grain, where it is weighed. From the scale hopper it is drawn off into either the shipping or storage bins, as the case demands. In the entire building are 450 storage bins and 60 shipping bins, 63 feet deep, into the dark depths of which one gazes as into immense wells or shafts penetrating subterranean regions.

From the engine-room, on the ground-floor, where two 500-horse-power engines supply the motive power, two six-ply rubber belts, each 275 feet long and forty inches broad, extend into the cupola at the top of the building, where, moving over eight-foot pulleys, they set in motion the long lines of shafting reaching from end to end of the elevator.

Everything throughout the entire establishment is duplicated, so that no delay can ever arise from the breaking down of any part. While ten cars on one track are being unloaded, ten others are run in on the opposite track, and are ready as soon as the first set is emptied. Either of the great engines is capable of supplying sufficient power to run the entire machinery of the building.

The preparations for extinguishing fire, should one at any time break out, are as thorough as human ingenuity can suggest. From the engine-room up through the building, and running the entire length of its several floors, is a four-inch copper pipe, having nozzles to which are attached lengths of hose every twelve feet. This pipe terminates in a small iron tank, located just under the ridge-pole of the cupola, and through it a stream of water is constantly forced at a high pressure from a powerful steam-pump. The building is lighted throughout by Edison electric lights, and no fire is allowed within its limits. All oil, waste, and other inflammable materials are stored at a considerable distance from it, in a separate fire-proof building.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The London demand for bonds of the late Confederate States of America has recently become stronger than at any other time since the collapse of the Confederate government. A large block was bought a few days ago in Baltimore, on orders from a London banking house, at the rate of nine dollars and seventy-five cents a thousand. The demand has resulted in placing in the market several thousand Confederate dollars' worth of bonds that have been pasted on fire-boards and screens.

On the occasion of the recent visit of German astronomers to Colt's Armory, a Gatling gun was brought out and fired perpendicularly. The heavy ball mounted into the air a distance of two and a quarter miles. An account says that the ball made the ascent and return, four and one-half miles, in fifty-eight seconds.

The average Chicago newspaper reporter seems to believe that the public is deeply interested in his movements while in pursuit of news. "He scaled the dizzy heights of a glassy flight of steps," writes one of them, "and withdrew the door-bell from its peaceful rest in its silvery socket." The door was opened, and "he was informed by the young lady, who was keeping one eye on the reporter and the other on the hat rack, that Mr. Fawcett was not in."

Secretary Folger has decided that, under the bill to restrict Chinese immigration, a Chinaman having a wife in China may bring her to the United States, but that a Chinaman who returns from this country to his native land to be married may not bring his wife back with him. Here is new material for the Chinese novelists and playwrights.

Speaking of the report that the Marquis of Lorne fears that the Indians will try to kidnap him while he is in the United States, the Buffalo *Courier* says, "How delightful it must be to preserve in this way through middle life the romantic delusions of childhood!"

Journalistic London, the new volume by Joseph Hatton, which is founded upon the papers which he contributed to Harper's Magazine, is pronounced by the London *Daily News* to be "the most accurate" of any kindred work on the London press.

Imperial decorations are mere trifles to Count Andrassy, who had so many that when a thief made off recently with a lot of them, the Count was unable to tell the police how many orders had been stolen, and what they were.

Students at Harvard printed a circular purporting to be issued by a "Society for the Reform of the Social Habits of Foreigners," and aimed especially at the consumption of Limburger cheese and sour-krout. The circular came into the hands of European journalists, and was severely and gravely commented upon by them.

A little girl's definition of the holidays: "The present time."

A street railway company in Chicago is considering the project of running its cars by electricity, lighting them by the same agency, and illuminating the track for a third of a mile in advance of the cars.

A young couple landed from a North River boat at the foot of Harrison Street not long ago, and started up West Street, hand in hand, in search of Broadway. The young woman's attention was attracted by a theatre bill-board.

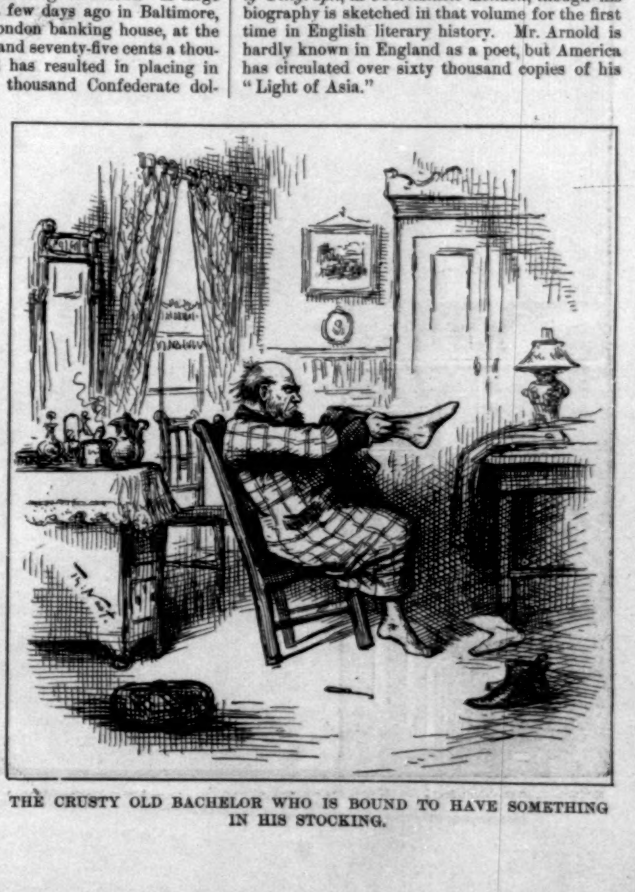
"'Taken from Life.' How sad!" she exclaimed.

"Come along," said the young man, impatiently. "Folks 'll know we're from the country. Don't you see it says, 'Taken from Life for two weeks only?'"

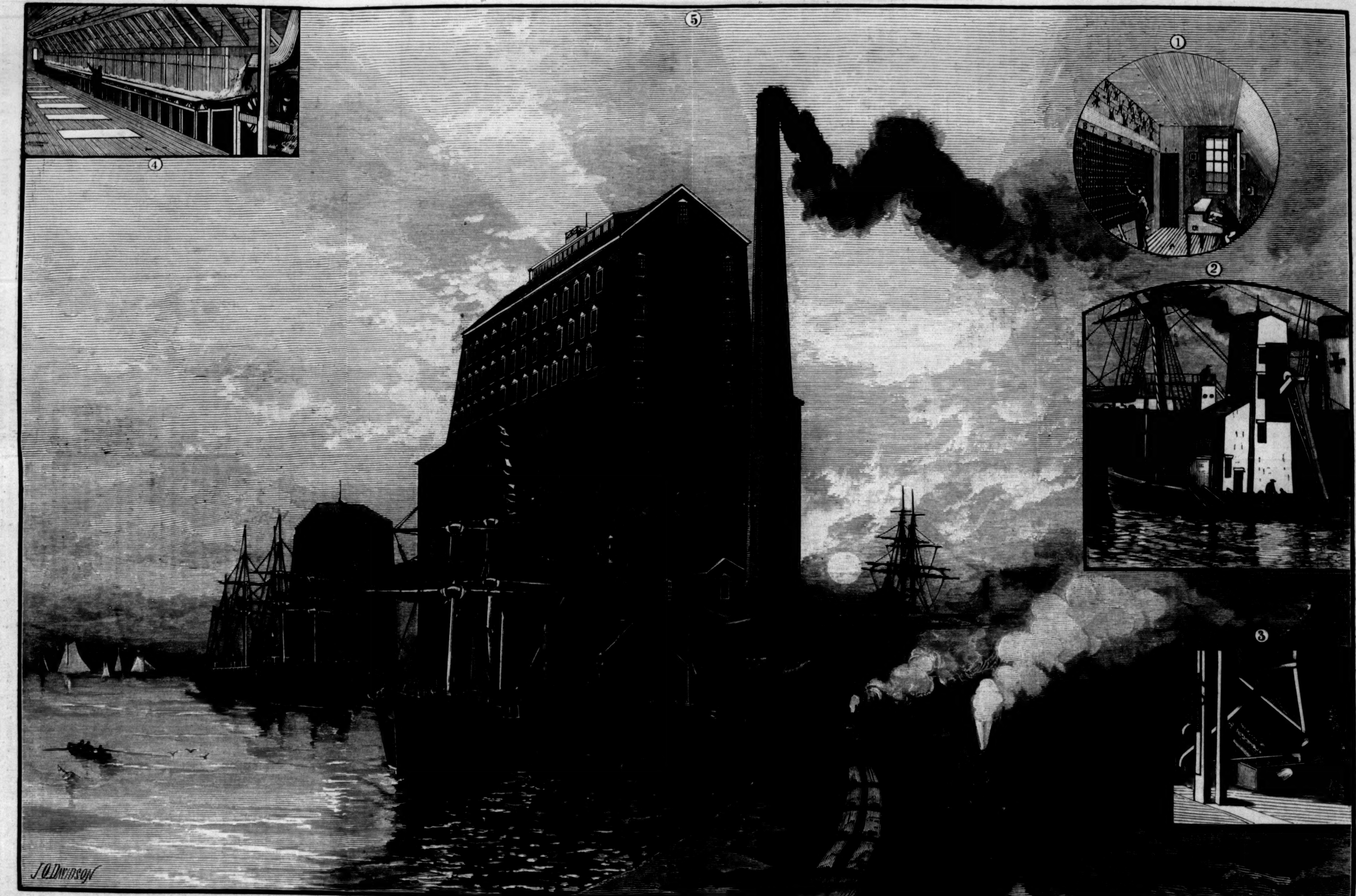
"So it does," his companion said, brightening up. "How much better that is than to be taken from life forever!"

News comes from Louisville, Kentucky, to the effect that General Abe Buford, "who created such a stir in religious and sporting circles a few months ago by joining a church and starting a turf paper," has abandoned the latter and the attempt to reconcile church and race-course.

Touching the correspondence upon international copyright which is appearing in the *Athenæum*, Mr. Joseph Hatton, in the *North Times*, points out that Mr. Clark Russell has omitted to recognize the fact that the American public was the first to recognize his talent as a novelist. Apart from the economic questions involved, this is a point that should not be overlooked. Mr. Hatton says America knows more about the best English authors than their own countrymen know. The London *World* actually sneers at the prominence given to Mr. Edwin Arnold, the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, in *Journalistic London*, though his biography is sketched in that volume for the first time in English literary history. Mr. Arnold is hardly known in England as a poet, but America has circulated over sixty thousand copies of his "Light of Asia."

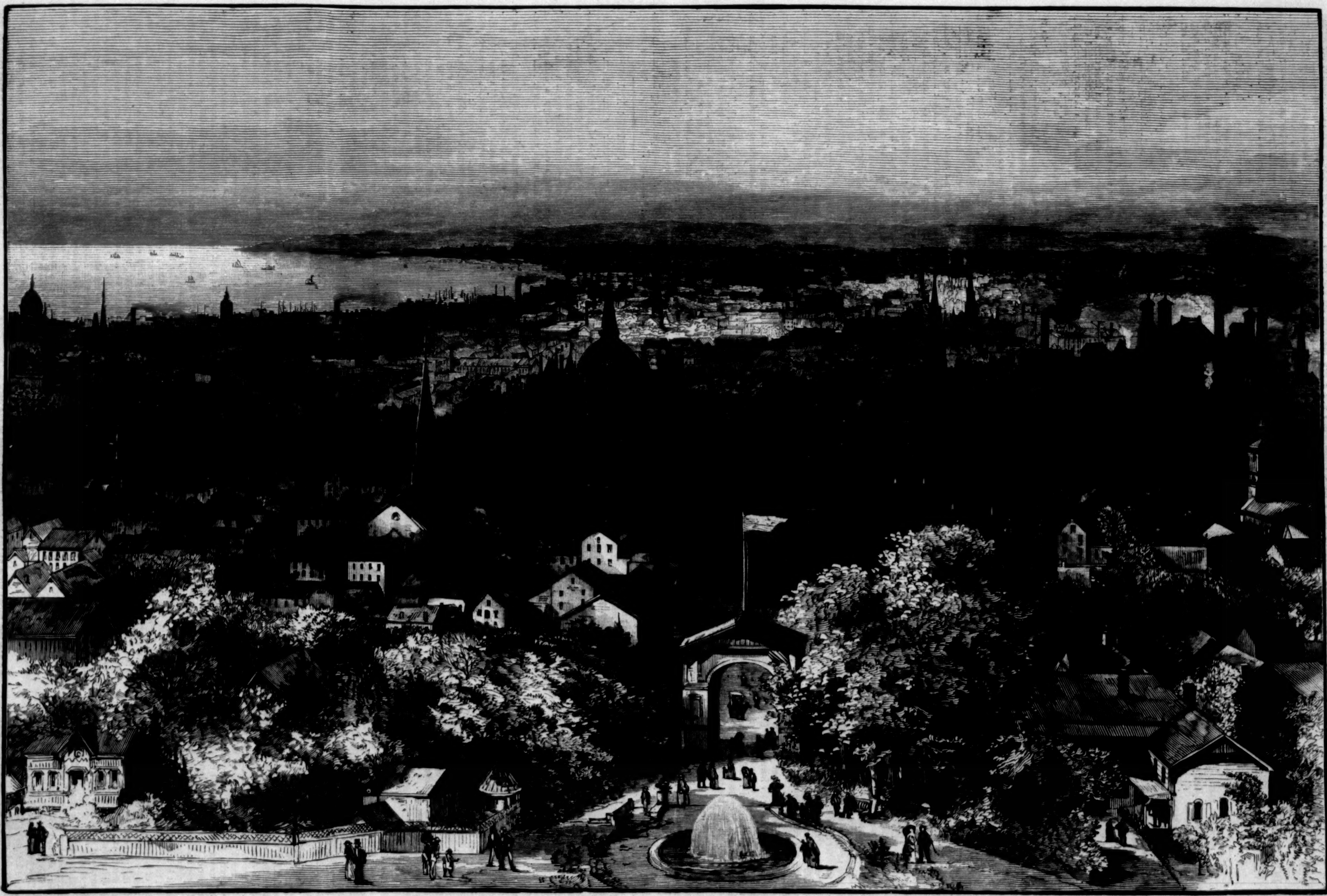


THE CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR WHO IS BOUND TO HAVE SOMETHING IN HIS STOCKING.



1. Blackboard Room. 2. Floating Elevator. 3. Grain Sifter and Cleaner. 4. Transferring Grain on Endless Belt. 5. The Elevator.

THE ERIE GRAIN ELEVATOR.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 835.]



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 842.]

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

FIVE YEARS AFTERWARD.

CHAPTER XII.—(*Continued.*)

FROM THE PAST.

Kitty once again looked quickly at Greg Dorward.

"Are you meaning more than you say?" she asked, frankly; "if so, let me have the meaning, Greg. I am not as clever as yourself—I have not got so far away from it all."

"No," he responded, slowly, "I have not any double meaning in my words. I thought our motto should be, 'Through thick and thin for John Woodhatch.'"

"And it is," said Kitty; "trust me!"

"And that being settled," Greg continued, "let us talk of ourselves a little more, and of the benefactor a little less. You and I have met at last, Kitty, and it has been arranged we should marry very speedily. We are both of one mind that this marriage should take place. There, is that plain enough, old pal?"

There was the ring of the old days in this new address to her, but she looked at him long and steadily now.

"Yes—quite plain enough, Greg," she said.

"And you are prepared to take me for your wedded husband?" he asked, perhaps too lightly to please her, for the quick color mounted once more to her face.

"If you are prepared to take me," was the ready answer back; "otherwise—not so."

"You have been led to suppose I was prepared?"

"Yes."

"By John Woodhatch?"

"And by your letters to me," she added.

"And I am prepared to say, 'Be my wife, Kitty. Let us go together hand in hand to the end now.' We loved each other once very desperately; if we love each other only half as well as man and woman, there will come happiness for both of us," said Greg.

"You lighten my heart to hear you say so, Greg," she said, speaking very hurriedly, "for I—I have been in doubt as to you, a little—fancying it was not likely you and I could ever meet like this and talk like this. It—it was too much like a story-book. It was too unlike the reality of any life of ours."

"Romantic, perhaps."

"No, not romantic. Our child lives were awful facts, Greg. Of late days I have thought it would be better for you that you should not be talked into marrying me. I think," she added, hesitatingly, "I should have been content with the knowledge you were happy elsewhere. There, that's all. Don't look at me as if I were wrong, Greg, for speaking out so plainly. I hate to keep anything back."

"We are new characters to each other, but we shall understand each other very soon. Why, I understand you already, Kitty."

"That is well," she answered, briskly; "I dare say you do. I have not anything to disguise."

"But I am not clear to you yet; I am not the old Greg."

"Thank God! not the old Greg," she answered; "but I think I shall make you out very clearly soon. I am not dull-witted, they say, and am very quick to learn."

"I wish we had met two years earlier, Kitty," he said, moodily.

"Do you?" she said.

"I have always thought it was John Woodhatch's wish we should be kept apart till this day, but he tells me it was yours."

"Has he told you so?" she asked, looking down at the sands.

"Yes, this afternoon."

"It is quite true," she answered; "as coming from him, you might have guessed it was."

"And the reason—may I ask that, Kitty?"

"How warm it is to-night—or how warm I am!" said Kitty, suddenly fanning herself with the brown strings of her hat. "Let us turn back; shall we?"

"If you please."

"Odd it is we two should have met this evening," said Kitty, as they turned, "but still more odd to me that you should have put that question, and I should have to answer it at once. Still it clears the ground—it's honest, isn't it?"

She regarded him with her clear unflinching gaze, and with the blushes on her face again. Yes, this was a Kitty he should quickly like—the glamour of the street boy's love for her was not all gone, and she was the oldest friend he had in the world, after all!

"Yes, it is honest," he replied.

"Well, then," she said, "I wanted to give you a chance of getting away from me, if you wished it—if there was anybody else about you or your new life that you had learned to like. I did not want to stand in the way, or be thrown at you, because John Woodhatch wished we should marry. I thought it more than likely, Greg, we never, never should."

She had thought very close to the truth; she had understood how such a life as his might drift from hers; she had understood him better than the man who had shaped their lives out for them. Perhaps she knew human nature better altogether. But he answered only:

"You would not have stood in my way, but have made excuses for me. Thank you, Kitty."

"Why should you thank me?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Because it was fair and square," he replied.

"As you would have acted by me, I hope, Greg?" she said.

"Well, yes; I should have told you certainly had I been going to marry any one else," he said, laughing; "and I dare say you would have got over that calamity."

"To be sure I should," Kitty responded at once, "had I not let five years keep you at arm's-length till you had grown out of knowledge almost."

"Then you would not have cared?"

"You are a terrible young man to ask questions," said Kitty, quickly. "Yes, I should have cared—there!"

"Cared for me!—the ragged, desperate cur for whom nobody cared when you left him last!" he exclaimed. "You would, Kitty?"

"I have heard so much of you from Mr. Woodhatch," she replied; "he has sung so often to your praises. He has told me you were to be my husband; he has kept me a quiet woman by that thought. Yes, you are right—it *was* romantic to look forward to all these years, and passing on from girl to woman, too; but it kept me hopeful, and I thought, Greg, I would grow worthy of you if I was able."

"Ah! there's the question," he said, laughing again, a little wildly, and, as he thought, a little facetiously—"to be worthy of such a shining light as I am at Skegs Shore, such a hero, such an honest fellow, such a prodigy to spring from the dust and ashes of a life like mine! Well, do you think you are worthy now, Kitty?"

"I will tell you in a day or two," she answered; "I do not understand you yet, I have owned."

"Well, understand this of me at once, Kitty," he said, still jesting, as he thought, or as he thought she thought, but with no smile now on his dark young face, "that you are a thousand times worthier than I am—than I can ever be. I will look up to you, and not you to me. It will be the right position in life for us—it will, by Heaven!" he said now, with a sudden seriousness which startled her, and which at least she comprehended.

She did not comment, however, on this little outburst of Greg Dorward's; she would think about it presently. She stopped now, and held out both her hands to him, as she had done at their first meeting. They had turned back, and reached the path across the sand-drift leading to the country lane and the village of Skegs Shore; but Greg had not noticed it, and was now regarding it with some surprise.

"Good-night, Greg," she said, calmly; "it is getting very late."

"I will come with you to Miss Brake's."

"No, better not; John Woodhatch might think we were setting him aside."

"Yes, he might. Till to-morrow, then, Kitty, good-by."

"Till to-morrow, Greg, good-by."

He was still holding her hands in his and looking at her earnestly.

"I have got the knitted purse still that you gave me at the railway station," he said.

"Ah! I have not been quite forgotten, I see," she answered, almost merrily.

He stooped forward to kiss her, as an affianced lover had a right to do under the circumstances, perhaps; but this was a new and wayward Kitty, whom he did not understand so completely as he fancied that he did. She darted back from him, and with a "No, no, no," got her hands away, and went swiftly along the lane and homeward.

Greg was by her side again speedily.

"I have not offended you?" he said.

"Oh no, I am not offended."

"Truly?"

"Really and truly, no," she murmured, in a strange voice that led him to peer very closely at her now.

"You are crying? What is it, Kitty? Tell me."

"I am not crying; that is, not crying very much," she answered. "Do leave me now, Greg; I'm unsettled. I did not think we should have met to-night, or in this way."

"Tell me why you are crying," urged Greg.

"I could not tell you. I don't know," she answered, very hurriedly. "They are tears of happiness, I think, Greg; but I am overwrought. Don't ask me any more questions; don't bother me; but let me go. Please let me go!"

The tears were streaming down her face now, and he had never in all her life seen a tear escape her. Yes, she *was* overwrought. She had crossed the threshold of the new career, and met the lover with open arms, with open heart, and it had been an ordeal, remembering the past so well. And she was only a weak woman, like all the rest of them—nothing of a heroine, only a dazed being looking out for the daylight, and wondering how long before the mist would clear for good, and show the fair land steeped in God's own sunshine, and with Greg Dorward waiting for her there. She had had many a dream of this, and now here was the reality, and, with all her courage, it had mastered her.

"Good-night, then," he said again; "but don't cry, Kitty, any more."

"No, no, I won't. Good-night. God bless you, Greg!"

And with the girl's blessing ringing in his ears, Gregory Dorward went on his way at last, as unsettled in thought as the woman he had left, and tramping quickly and heavily along the dark wet sands, thinking it over once again, and wondering how it would end.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THIRD WOMAN.

We are not called upon at the present stage of proceedings to analyze very closely the feelings of Greg Dorward, as he sped homeward to Farm Forlorn. He had been surprised, even impressed; this was a new Kitty Vanch indeed whom he had met upon the sands, and she had puzzled him. She was a new factor in his life, and in his plans of life; should he have power to influence her, or would she exert an influence over him which it would be difficult to resist? He did not know; he had been taken off his guard, the way ahead was indistinct and intricate, and what he thought of Kitty Vanch he was not prepared to declare at a moment's notice of her. As he walked onward he was sure he was not the calm, calculating young Dorward, alert and observant and self-possessed, who had left Farm Forlorn an hour or two ago. He was unsettled, inclined to wonder what the end of it all would be, and how it would affect him. In one day to be troubled by two women, he thought; to feel unlike himself, and inclined to give way to wild impulses; to propose to Lucy Brake in the afternoon, and to talk of love and marriage in the evening to Kitty, and to feel in both instances that he was terribly in earnest.

It had not struck him that the child-sweetheart—the mad Kitty from the Rents—would have brought back the past so vividly, would have, as it were, linked him at once with it again, he and she having been always callous and disreputable and reckless. He had not looked forward to this; presently he should work the problem out. He had had enough of female society for one day; it was astonishing how it had troubled and even discomforted him.

He was not prepared for a third woman to meet him and give him fresh food for thought before he reached the farm; that was altogether beyond his calculations; but she rose up like a phantom to scare him, for all that. She was standing outside the farm itself, when he came across the reach of sandy grass and narrow footpath into the main road; he could almost fancy she had been peering through the windows of the farm-parlor like a spy, and had stepped from the garden-front on hearing his footsteps in the distance. Probably all fancy this, but there was the woman in the roadway, and his eyes were keen and strong enough to assure him he had not seen her before, and that she was a stranger to the place. He noticed also as she came a few steps toward him that she was lame, and walked with a stick, upon which she leaned heavily—a woman of spare frame and below the middle height, and with a grave set face he did not much like the look of, even in the shadows of the night which had now fallen over Skegs Shore.

"Are you a native of this place, young man?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Greg, who did not feel called upon to enter into an elaborate explanation of how long he had been living there. To all intents and purposes, and for the sake of expediting conversation, he was a native then.

"You know the inhabitants well?"

Greg was immediately on guard—very much on guard. His voice became husky and coarse at once.

"Oh! ay—very well. Who is it you wish to find, mum?"

"What is your name?" asked the stranger, instead of replying to his question; "perhaps it is you I am looking for?"

"Brown," was the immediate reply. It had been an uncivil question, Greg considered, to put to him in the open road, and he did not regard the veracity of his reply.

"You are one of the staff there probably?" she inquired, nodding her head in the direction of the farm; "the cottages about here are all tenanted by the servants of Mr. Woodhatch, I suppose?"

"Nigh on all of 'em," answered Greg, not responding to the first portion of her question.

"And are you in Mr. Woodhatch's service?" was the persistent inquiry.

"When he wants an extra," said Greg, easily.

"Oh! that's all."

Greg did not reply to this; he had a suspicion already that his questioner did not believe him, she peered so scrutinizingly at him.

"I am anxious to find a man named Spikins who is resident somewhere in this village," she said, after a pause, as though it had become necessary to explain the object of her visit.

"Spikins," repeated Greg, slowly.

"An old man—a very old man," she said, "who has been bedridden for some four years, or more."

"I know him. Shall I show you the way, lady?"

"Thank you—I—"

"You can't find him without me, mum, I reckon," said Greg, in the same disguised voice, and not waiting for the conclusion of her sentence; "he lives on the low level, and you might go by it half a dozen times in the dark."

"Might I?" answered the lady.

Greg walked very slowly, suiting his pace to his new companion's.

The houses about Farm Forlorn were scattered, if somewhat numerous, a great many of them, as it were, sunken in the earth, but really built on lower ground, which had dipped suddenly, and where the wind rushing and howling over the fen-land made itself less troublesome and destructive. To the cottages—hovels, even, a few of them—erected here, Greg led the way. Before he reached them he became aware of a basket chaise drawn very closely to the side of the hedge-rows, with the driver placidly asleep therein, and the pony between the shafts cropping the rank herbage by the road-side. This was how the lame woman had got to the neighborhood of Farm Forlorn, thought Greg, though he made no comment thereupon, and that was the gray, knock-kneed old pony from the "Swan," at Skegs Shore; he could swear to the animal, even in the dark.

And this woman at his side was Miss Brake, Kitty's mistress, he said, leaping very quickly to conclusions now—the invalid lady, the stranger. He was sure now this was Miss Brake; though as she was coming on a visit to the farm to-morrow, he could not understand the reason of her flitting this way in the evening, unless—

Then he said suddenly to his companion,

"Spikins is an old un, mum—eighty-eight year, they say—he'll have been asleep—oh! hours."

"As old as that," muttered the lady; "why, he may be dead before I see him. Are you sure of his age?"

"He's rare and proud of it, and he tells the same story allers," answered Greg, hoarsely; "here's the way to his crib."

He paused at the narrow entrance to a kind of narrow ravine approached by some rough-hewn steps flanked by cobble-stones of all sizes.

"It is very dark," she said.

"If you'll catch hold of my arm," said Greg, "I can help you a bit."

"Thank you," said the stranger, taking his arm at once.

They went slowly down the steps to a narrow causeway also paved with cobbles. There was a row of doors and windows on their right hand, appertaining to the sunken cottages, and Greg led the lady to the last in the row, touched his hat in rustic fashion, and said,

"This is the 'ouse, my lady."

"Thank you. I should—I should like to reward you," she said, hesitatingly, "if I were sure I should not be giving you offense. In the dark I can't see what you are. If I am making a mistake, you will excuse me?"

"Anything your ladyship likes, just to drink your health with," said Greg, touching his hat again. "Shall I wait, mum?"

"No; I can find my way back," she answered, giving him a shilling, which Greg took, thanked her, and departed. He did not wait for the door to open to the summons delivered on its panels by the handle of the stick she carried—he disappeared like one afraid of the light. But as the door closed on the lady, however, he went back on tiptoe in an extraordinary manner, noiseless and swift, with his back pressed to the cottage walls, and gliding sideways, like an acrobat.

Greg had not given up all his old habits, fine gentleman as he had become, and a love of listening and gathering to himself any scraps of news that might be floating about dated from Bolter's Rents and the Reformatory. And it might be necessary to listen for John Woodhatch's sake, for the sake of many strange folk gathered about Farm Forlorn—black sheep round the man who had set them in his fold here—and one could never be too much on guard, too careful, he considered.

"You are late, Miss Brake," he heard a strange harsh voice say, that was not the feeble piping of poor Spikins, but a voice that even surprised and startled him; "he's been a worriting all day."

"I could not come before," answered the lady.

"You got the message?"

"Yes, Fladge, yes."

"*Fladge!*" whispered Greg Dorward to himself; "and here!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECRET OF THE MURDER.

Miss Brake, late of Boston, Lincolnshire, evidently possessed a strong mind in a weak frame, and was not in any way mentally nervous, or she would have thought twice about trusting herself in a strange cottage down a dark gulley in Lincolnshire, and with "stranger folk" for company.

It was a scene which might have deterred any nervous woman, but Miss Brake's dark eyes regarded it unflinchingly. It was a poorly furnished room which she had entered, the street door opening immediately into it; and in one corner of the apartment lay Mr. Spikins, like a waxen image, which time had rendered very dusky and grimy. Mr. Spikins had lain there for some years now, attended by one of the female servants from the farm, or by some willing, or unwilling, neighbor, when he had quarrelled with the farm servant. There was always some one ready, as a rule, to nurse Mr. Spikins and generally "care" for him—wages being paid for that service by John Woodhatch; but after a few weeks' "turn at him," a change was certain to ensue, Mr. Spikins being difficult to please, and having innumerable complaints to make as to the vile treatment to which the loss of the use of his limbs had unfortunately subjected him. A good grumbler was Mr. Spikins, when he had breath enough left in his body to grumble with, and addicted to bad language always, whether short of breath or not: altogether not a pleasant old man to spend a few weeks with, or for a lady to think of visiting at odd hours of the night, unless on urgent business—as Miss Brake's might be.

It was a grim ugly old man, too, at whom she gazed with interest, and who looked back at her keenly from under his half-closed lids. He lay there without movement—like a dead man even—and with two thin, claw-like hands crossed together on his chest, in quite a saint-like, monumental fashion. There was a little table at the head of the bed, on which was a lamp, a basin half filled with gruel, and a paper packet open at one end, and containing tobacco for the invalid to chew—a ruling habit to which he still clung in his latter days, and which had been contracted in his early times of prison service, where smoking was "strictly prohibited," but where tobacco had always found its mysterious way into the establishment for surreptitious "home consumption." Mr. Spikins had gone to sleep masticating tobacco, and would be at it again presently, when he had strength to use his lower jaw, and set to work upon a lozenge-shaped pellet which had got under his tongue during his slumbers, and would presently have to be coughed into position. At the bed's foot, with one ragged arm and knee curled round a bamboo bed-post, sat Reuben Fladge, presenting as disreputable and "uncanny" an appearance as on the evening he had called at Parson Larcom's, but with some human interest and life in his scared face which Mr. Spikins did not now in any way possess. Neither of the gentlemen was encouraging in aspect to a lady visitor, and any one extra-susceptible might have fled with shrieks from either of them as from distorted dream-figures. But Miss Brake looked from one to the other quietly, addressing herself more particularly to Fladge, whom she seemed to know, and who was deferential to her in an odd, clumsy way, nodding his head even toward a cane-bottomed seat, which looked as ragged and bristly as a porcupine, and saying, gruffly,

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

"Sit down—won't you?"

Miss Brake sat down thus solicited, and put her stick across her lap; then her dark eyes wandered to the figure in the bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEAVES, NANSE, & NEAVES.

By ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

At about 10.30 in the morning of the 30th of December, 1881, young William Nanse sat at his desk in the counting-room of the publishing firm of Neaves, Neville, & Neaves—"N., N., & N.," as the employés shortened it.

The window at his left looked out on one of the busiest sections of Oxford Street, or would have looked out but that a thick chocolate-colored fog hid everything save the sounds of confusion going on in it.

Nanse looked up from the heap of papers on his desk, and called to an office-boy, "Sam, let me know the moment Mr. Neaves comes in."

"Yessir; 'e's—'e's a-comin' now, sir."

Nanse swung round in his chair, and rose quickly. A middle-aged gentleman of almost a military firmness of bearing was approaching the counting-room, surrendering his overcoat to an attendant as he moved. Nanse met him at the door.

"Mr. Neaves, can you give me a few moments, sir?" he asked.

"This morning?"

"Yes, sir; I'd like to get it over."

Mr. Neaves drew out his watch. "Come to me at eleven—no, say five minutes past, precisely;" and he passed on to his private office.

Nanse returned to his desk, and rapidly sorted and arranged the papers there. The minutes dragged, the minutes flew, and he was cold and hot by turns. He wrote on a fresh envelope, "Miss Lulie Featherfew, 99 Marylebone Road," considered it with a heavy frown for a moment, then tossed it into the waste-basket, with a deep, impatient sigh. "No," he muttered, "it's done and ended, and in a few moments I shall have cut the bridge behind me."

When it wanted but thirty seconds of the time, just enough to exactly keep the appointment—for "N. of N., N., & N. never waits or keeps waiting," was the current saying—Nanse sprang up, looking a little pale, saluted, in passing, a handsome, sallow young man with "Good-morning, Hartington," crossed over, tapped at Mr. Neaves's private office, and was promptly called in.

The clerk who received the mail entered the counting-room and laid a letter on Nanse's desk. Hartington, whose desk was next beyond that of Nanse, observed this, and drew indolently near.

He stood perhaps a full minute mechanically twisting his long dark mustache and looking at the letter. Then, first throwing a slow, careful, keen glance around him, he picked from the waste-basket the discarded envelope Nanse had addressed to Miss Featherfew, and slipping into it the letter from Nanse's desk, sealed and put it in his breast pocket. He then laid down another letter in place of the one he had just removed, and went to his desk. There he seemed to become almost immediately absorbed in his work, yet had any one taken him by the hand it would have betrayed his agitation.

In his private office Mr. Neaves, sitting with his hat off, his shoulders squared, his thick iron-gray hair pushed back from his forehead, was a man well worth looking at. If you had been going to describe him essentially in three words, you would have said, "Business, experience, heart"—a reversal of the usual order of things.

"Well, my boy," said the head of the firm, motioning to a chair, "what is it? By your looks it's trouble, so let us get it behind us as soon as may be."

"I'm going away, sir," exclaimed Nanse, speaking with difficulty. Then, after a moment's silence, he threw up his head and went on rapidly: "I can't explain, and I hope you'll not think hardly of me, sir, but I *must* go away; and if you had the man you wanted in my place, I should beg you to let me off at once—to-day. But of course I don't ask that, only, sir, if you'll please arrange it as soon as you can, it will be the greatest kindness to me, sir."

"This is a strange request—very," said Mr. Neaves. After a considerable pause, "Is your mind quite made up?"

"Quite."

"We have been thinking lately of some changes in which you are interested. Don't interrupt me, but listen. With the new year Mr. Neville, who is rich enough, and tired of business, goes out of the firm by agreement. You have been with us some time; you know the business; you suit us; and we have made up our minds to offer you a place in the firm, beginning with the new year. See!"—pushing a proof slip toward him—"Neaves, Nanse, & Neaves. It looks well; it sounds well; we think it will *be* well."

Nanse had risen and taken the slip, and now stood quite mute, and very red in the face.

"Come," resumed the older man; "you've made me crack the shell a day sooner than I wanted; but young folks almost always do force matters a little. Come, now, doesn't this change things a bit? Can't you explain? Or, better yet, let explanations go, and you stay."

"Oh, Mr. Neaves, all this makes it horribly hard for me," said young Nanse, beginning to tremble like a girl; "but—but it doesn't change things at all. Do believe how grateful—"

"One word," broke in Mr. Neaves—"are you dissatisfied with me, with us, with anything here?"

"No, sir—never, sir."

"Very well, I'll look up a man, and let you off as soon as I can." Mr. Neaves had already turned to his desk, but he stopped the young man in the doorway: "Stay! Your address—I might want to use it—is with Miss Ingram, isn't it?" Mr. Neaves shot one of his keenest glances with this simple question.

"No, sir; I left my aunt's a month ago. I'm stopping in Guildford Street." He was so confused that he did not give the number; and Mr. Neaves, who was not at all confused, ignored the omission, and occupied the next sixty seconds in writing a note, which was delivered by the postman that same night at 99 Marylebone Road.

Nanse looked very tired as he sat down once more to his desk. "It's an ill turn you have done me, Lulie Featherfew," he muttered, under his breath, "and I hope you'll be satisfied with your work." Then observing the note which Hartington had left on his desk, he opened it, read it twice, tore it in tiny bits, and drawing toward him a sheet of plain business note, wrote a few lines, inclosed, addressed, and stamped it, with an air of finality and dejection.

"Shall I post your letter for you?" said Hartington, turning to him at that instant. "I'm just going myself."

This note also was delivered that same night at 99 Marylebone Road, and the house-maid took them up to the drawing-room floor, dropped a courtesy, and handed them to Miss Betsy Ann Ingram—a pearl of a maiden lady, with slightly silvered brown hair, blue eyes, and delicate skin set off by a dress of silver-gray silk. To the young lady seated near her at the same table, knitting with scarlet wools, the house-maid gave a third letter.

This young lady was exceeding fair to look upon, by reason of a sort of witchery which was neither of eyes, hair, complexion, nor shape. The free-spirited gaze and certain movements of the mouth indicated great pride and willfulness, yet softness and generosity too.

Miss Ingram's letters were short.

The briefest one ran thus:

"Dear Miss Ingram,—Telegraph if you can not see me at eleven o'clock to-morrow, the 31st.

"Yours truly, Nathaniel Neaves."

The other note read:

"Dear Aunt,—You mean most kindly, but you don't know Miss Featherfew's mind. I do; so let us leave it. As soon as Mr. Neaves can supply my place, I am going away—to America, I think. I am so sorry you must be vexed by this, but it can't be avoided. Of course, if you'll be alone, I'll come and see this old year out with you, as we've been used to do ever since I can remember. Don't think that I shall ever forget how good you've always been to me—more than a second mother, God knows. But when I come, don't let us speak about Miss Featherfew, please.

"Yours, Will.

"P.S.—I hope" (Lulie, carefully scratched out) "Miss Featherfew is well."

Miss Ingram slipped the letters into her pocket: a smile had at the last crept into the anxious expression of her face. Taking up a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, she glanced over the top of it at her companion, whose head was a little bent, but not more than was natural in picking out a tangle in the skein.

It rose again to its natural willful poise, and the fingers followed the needles lightly along the scarlet meshes. A vivid color had come into the young cheeks within the last few moments, and the fine white line marking the outer crimson of the lips showed that some powerful excitement was being resolutely repressed.

Whatever her letter had been, she had got it quickly into her pocket.

"Little minx!" murmured Miss Ingram, mentally, "I know that letter was from Will, and she knits away as if she hadn't any heart, and as if I hadn't any either."

The next instant the maid announced "Mr. Hartington, ma'am," and in walked the handsome sallow young man with the voluminous dark mustache who had taken to the post at least one of the letters that night delivered in Miss Ingram's drawing-room.

Mr. Hartington was received by Miss Ingram with quiet courtesy slightly shaded with anxiety; by the young lady with an unusual show of cordiality.

"I thought I might meet Nanse here," he said, replying to Miss Ingram's vague inquiry if all were going well at the office.

"Oh dear no," exclaimed Miss Featherfew, quickly. "Mr. Nanse seldom comes here now. He is too busy, of course, and then he is likely, we hear, to make quite a rise in life soon."

"Lulie!" cried Miss Ingram. It was wonderful how intensely willful the girl could look while so quietly slipping along the needles in her work; and neither of them observed the "Ah!" of relief which had escaped Mr. Hartington on being assured that Mr. Nanse was not likely to be there.

A veiled and confused blending of curiosity, caution, interest, calculation, passion, and resolve strangely animated his face and manner during the rest of the interview.

"So you have heard of it?" he asked, looking at them alternately. "Well, then, I suppose I am free to speak."

"Yes, pray tell us everything, Mr. Hartington," said Miss Ingram, eagerly. "You know how good and true my nephew is, and how much I care for the least things concerning him. But his modesty makes him reserved."

"Oh, Mr. Hartington," said Miss Featherfew, crossing to the piano, and taking up some music, "I have that lovely Hungarian air at last. Do come and sing it for me. We can hear about Mr. Nanse later, can't we, aunt?" with a challenging flash of the eye.

"If you don't mind," said Mr. Hartington, "I would like to speak *now*, dear Miss Featherfew, because—because now we are alone, and I am afraid I may have to give some pain. Later, some one might drop in, you know."

"Oh, very well!" said Lulie, coldly, resuming her seat and her work with an air of abstraction.

Miss Ingram, who had grown a little pale, gave her whole attention to their visitor. "Yes," said she, "we have heard—that is, I have known some little time—that Mr. Neaves was thinking of taking Will into partnership soon: a great thing for him, dear boy, so young as he is, but he richly deserves it."

Hartington looked at her a moment, then said, with a burst of emotion: "You know how much I have always liked Nanse, and I am so grieved to have to tell you— By Jove! he ought to come and tell you himself."

"What is there to tell me?" cried Miss Ingram, in a changed voice. "Speak out at once."

Lulie Featherfew laid down her knitting. "Yes, do pray speak out, Mr. Hartington," said she, in a soft, steady tone. "We should never know anything of Will's doings if you didn't tell us"—with a look at her aunt.

"Why, he's going away, out of the country," exclaimed Hartington.

"Oh yes, he's written to me about *that*," said Miss Ingram, with a retorting glance at her niece.

"But he's going away in spite of Mr. Neaves's offer of—"

"Mr. Neaves has not made the offer," interrupted Miss Ingram; "he does not intend to make it till the day after to-morrow—New-Year's."

"Oh yes, he has, though; I happen to know that the matter of the partnership was proposed to Nanse this very day; and—and afterward Mr. Neaves withdrew it, and Nanse is to leave, and we think—they say at the office—that he must have done something very wrong; that's what's whispered at the office."

"What's whispered?" demanded Miss Ingram. "I want to know every word about it, Mr. Hartington; I want to know exactly what is said."

"Well, there's been a good deal of talk for weeks back. Nanse has been very gloomy and absent-minded, and now they think that he's—You know he's had all things in his own hands in the counting-room."

"Ah!" gasped Miss Ingram, "you mean that they dare insinuate my boy would steal—that's the plain English of what you are telling me. And you—you, Mr. Hartington, his old friend—you have thrown back their base lies in their teeth!"

Hartington recoiled a little, cast down his eyes, and remained pensively silent.

Nothing could have affected Miss Ingram more than this air of disinterested regret. She recalled the note from Mr. Neaves—couched, indeed, like so many of its predecessors; but could it perhaps have this heavy meaning?

There was a rustle of the silver-gray silk. Miss Ingram had left her chair, and sunk on one knee at Hartington's side, and there she spoke, in a low, broken voice: "Your silence is terrible. I do not care for what people may say who do not and can not know my nephew; but you, his old friend, you know him—obstinate, high-spirited, and wayward, but true as fine gold; and if he has in haste, by some accident which perhaps palsies him with unforeseen consequences, done anything—if you have any reason for the horrible fear you give me—" Sobs stopped her pleading; she crept back to her chair, and covered her face with her hands.

At that instant Hartington looked up with a sudden start. Lulie Featherfew had come around from the table and taken his hand in an almost powerfully nervous grip. She was quite pale, but her voice was steady and soft.

"Come, Mr. Hartington," said she, and drew him—his hot fingers closing passionately around her cold hand—into a curtained recess.

"Now," said Lulie, in a voice that shook a little for the first time that evening, "what has Will done, and how can we help him out of it?"

"Miss Featherfew—Lulie—you must let me say something else first. Nanse and I have been friends, but we are rivals, and we agreed to give each other a fair field."

"Oh, Mr. Hartington, is this giving him a fair field?" she murmured, putting her free hand to her eyes.

The young man breathed fast and heavily. "Wait—hear me out. He has done—I'm bound by solemn oath not to tell what he has done; but—but if you'll promise me that you'll be my wife, I can and I will clear him."

A shiver ran through her, an outburst seemed on her lips, but she checked it, and presently said, "Come to-morrow night and I will answer you, but please leave me with my aunt now." He drew her close, and covered her hands with kisses. "Go! go at once!" she gasped, widely averting her head.

When the door had closed upon him she ran across the room and locked it, then turned and flung herself at Miss Ingram's feet, straining her arms around her knees, and broke out in grief so wild and passionate that the older woman was frightened into calmness.

"Oh, aunt, do anything, everything you like to me! It is all my fault. I'm the worst, the wickedest girl that ever lived! Oh, what can Will have done? Whatever it is, I drove him to it. And this—this man, his friend, will help him out of it if I'll marry him. Oh," laughing wildly, "of course I will! He's much too good for me; but, oh! I hate him so. Ah, I could cut my hands off! And I do love Will! I have loved him more and more, every day, every hour, of this wicked time that I've been so cruel to him, and driven him to despair!"

"Tell me how it all happened, child," said Miss Ingram, putting her arms kindly round the struggling girl.

"Oh, it was all my vile temper—my vile, vile, hateful pride. He didn't like me to waltz with Mr. Hartington, and when I said I would, he got angry, and said that—that any modest girl would know instinctively that he was not the right sort of man to be so familiar with. And then I lost my temper quite, and I gave him back his ring, and I told him I hoped he'd find a girl modest enough to be Mrs. Nanse some day. And I knew Mr. Hartington was looking on, so I spoke up loud to vex Will the more, and then I went off and danced every round dance with Mr. Hartington. But that's not the worst"—pushing back her loosened hair from her flushed wet face. "The next day Will came—you remember, for it was then he sent for his things away from here—and he spoke so kindly, and begged me to forgive him, and said I had made him so jealous he couldn't help himself; and then he tried to put the ring on my hand again; but I wouldn't let him, and I laughed and told him to keep it for the future Mrs. Nanse; that I thought Mr. Hartington could find a ring that would do well enough for me."

"Oh, how could you!" cried Miss Ingram, drawing back a little. She could not help resenting this for her nephew. But Lulie caught her hands, and sobbed out:

"If you were only in love yourself, you'd understand how a girl could be awfully wicked and yet want to be good all the time, and—and wish somebody would manage her and make her behave. If he'd only kept the ring in his hand one instant longer I should have snatched it and kissed it before his eyes, and if he had only waited a moment I should have got over my wicked pride and thrown my arms around him; but, oh! he just gave me one strange, white, cold look, as if he did not in the least love me any more, as if I were the dirt under his feet, and then he was gone, and then I didn't care what became of me. It got worse and worse, and I would not have any one guess how wretched I was, and the very first time Mr. Hartington asked me to be his wife, I half promised I would."

"What a wretched, wretched business!" sighed Miss Ingram. "But in one thing, Lulie, I can't understand you. I have been proud in my time, but had I been in your place I would, at least when I had come to my senses, have written to the man I had wronged, and acknowledged my fault."

"I did write," whispered Lulie, her head drooping, "and he—he sent back the letter unopened this very night. Oh! oh! he will never care for me again!"

Miss Ingram pursed her lips and looked over her niece's head into the fire.

After a long pause—

"Lulie," said she, "I sent a note to Will by Mr. Hartington, and his reply came to-night. I can understand it still better from what you have told me. I'm quite sure he loves you, child, and though Mr. Hartington did frighten me at the moment, I do not believe Will has done anything wrong. What I do feel is that unless this trouble can be made right between you two, it will have spoiled his life. It is plain to me that he is throwing everything away for your sake, and you certainly have been a bad girl."

Lulie nestled closer and sobbed more softly, as one comforted; and soon after the aunt and niece parted for the night.

The last morning of the year opened with that winter brightness which so rarely smiles on London; and at eleven o'clock precisely Mr. Neaves was shown into Miss Ingram's drawing-room, and found her alone, and evidently under some excitement.

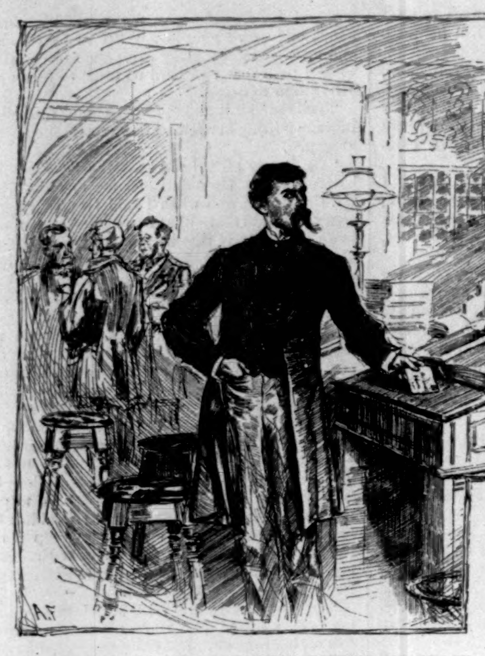
"Oh, Nathaniel!" she exclaimed, taking his hand quite eagerly between her lady-like palms, "what's this about Will? Mr. Hartington really frightened us. But I can't think—no, I'm sure he has done nothing wrong."

"I can't understand," said Mr. Neaves, looking very much surprised, "why Hartington's name should come in at all. You got my note? I've come about your nephew. We must not let him throw up things in this way, you know. Of course I've seen what was the matter all along: he's been jilted, and thinks life has nothing left in it for him any more. I felt that way myself, Betty—you know when I mean"—a wonderfully sweet smile breaking over his face; "but I pulled through, made a mint of money, and like my chop as well as another man."

As she remained silent, Mr. Neaves, after a short sigh, went on in his usual tone: "I suppose Miss Lulie has been fractious, and you and I, as the two best and nearest friends these foolish young people have, ought to be able to get them to kiss and make up, and ring in the new year merrily. So, as there's no time to be lost, if you'll just please send for Miss Lulie, we'll talk over things comfortably."

"Oh, I—I don't quite think that would do," said Miss Ingram, hastily putting out her hand as he would have rung the bell. "Fortunately I can tell you how matters stand. It's just a lovers' quarrel, and at first my niece was most at fault; but it was very foolish of Will to take a headstrong girl at her word." Mr. Neaves turned abruptly toward her, but she hurried on: "Then, when she repented and wrote to him, it was certainly very unkind to merely fling back her letter unopened. Of course you can see the next overture *must* come from him. I can't have Lulie, who is a dear good girl with all her faults, too much humbled."

"Nanse sent back her letter unopened! I should not have expected that of him."



"HE THEN LAID OVER ANOTHER LETTER IN PLACE OF THE ONE HE HAD JUST REMOVED."

"Then matters got worse through Mr. Hartington's trying to step into Will's place. You see it was about him they quarrelled; and last night he was here, and he told us Will had got into some dreadful scrape, that it had leaked out in the office, and that you had first offered and then withdrawn the offer of partnership; and, oh! he's coming here to-night, and he made a point of it with Lulie that if she would engage herself to him, he would help Will out."

"Why, Betty, the man's a scamp—a thorough scamp," cried Mr. Neaves, with a very stern face. "Nanse has done nothing whatever out of the way, except that he's an ass, and the best, straightest, truest young fellow in all London; and this Hartington. I think the worse of Miss Lulie that she could ever have anything to say to such a creature as that after having a man like Nanse at her feet. I don't half care to get this quarrel made up between them; I don't half—"

"Stop, Nathaniel. I can't have you speak like that of Lulie. She has suffered quite enough from her own foolish pride, and now from Will's, and"—quite fiercely—"a man should not leave the field in that way. If he cares to win, he should stand his ground."

Mr. Neaves sprang forward, his face transformed with sudden kindling energy: "Why, then, Betty, Betty, that's a good lesson, and I've got it by heart first time saying."

Miss Ingram started back at the advance of her too apt pupil; but the scene was changed entirely by the entrance of Lulie Featherfew, to whom Mr. Neaves addressed himself with his characteristic abrupt directness:

"Good-morning, Miss Lulie; for I hope it is a good morning; and will you tell me—I'm old enough to be your father, my dear—will you tell me whether you love Mr. Nanse? Because"—keeping fast the hands that tried to flutter from his—"if you do, why be unhappy, and make him unhappy, when the least little bit of common-sense will set all right, you know?"

There is no knowing how the girl would have borne this onset from anybody else, but there was something so unmistakable in the simple, plain, whole kindness of it, and in his disinterested unconsciousness of the possibility of offending, that the true ring in the girl's nature answered to it; and besides, her heart was soft with true repentance, and sore with the fear of having lost her lover past recovery. So, with much blushing and hanging of the head, the proud girl faltered out, softly:

"But he wouldn't even read my letter."

"Oh, just let me have that letter, please."

Pat came the letter out of her pocket, as if it had known it would be in request.

"Now don't you be afraid, my dear; I'm not going to read it. And you can trust me—tell her that, Betty. I'll not put you to shame before any man; and just stay in, both of you, please, till you hear from me."

"Why, aunt, he called you Betty!" was Lulie's dumfounded ejaculation as the door closed on Mr. Neaves.

"An old habit he sometimes falls into," said Miss Ingram, quickly. "We knew each other at school."

"What can he be going to do with my letter?" murmured Lulie, re-absorbed in her own feelings, and in hot and cold shivers of conjecture.

This is what Mr. Neaves did with it. On reaching his office he sent for Nanse. The young man looked very wan and heavy-hearted.

"I called for you," said Mr. Neaves, "to ask you if that is your handwriting"—and he plumped into the younger man's hand the letter he had brought away from Lulie Featherfew.

"Yes, sir, that's my hand." The hot blood flew into his face; he was staring at the postmark, and burst out, in great agitation: "But, sir, this was posted yesterday, sir—see here, 'December 30'—and I have not written to—to that address for weeks."

"The envelope is broken; see what it contains." Mr. Neaves spoke tersely.

Nanse drew out the inclosure, and gave a short cry: "Why, sir, it's a letter to me from—from—Oh, sir, here's foul play!"

"Hush!" said the older man, almost as excited as the younger. "Ask me no questions yet. Get away somewhere and read your letter. Wait, though. Make me one promise—that you'll not answer it, whatever it is, but meet me to-night, eight o'clock sharp, at Miss Ingram's, and not a word about anything to anybody. Your word on this?"

"Yes, Mr. Neaves."

They wrung hands, and Nanse hurried away. He was met on the street by Hartington.

"Halloo, Nanse! what's up? Have you seen a ghost?"

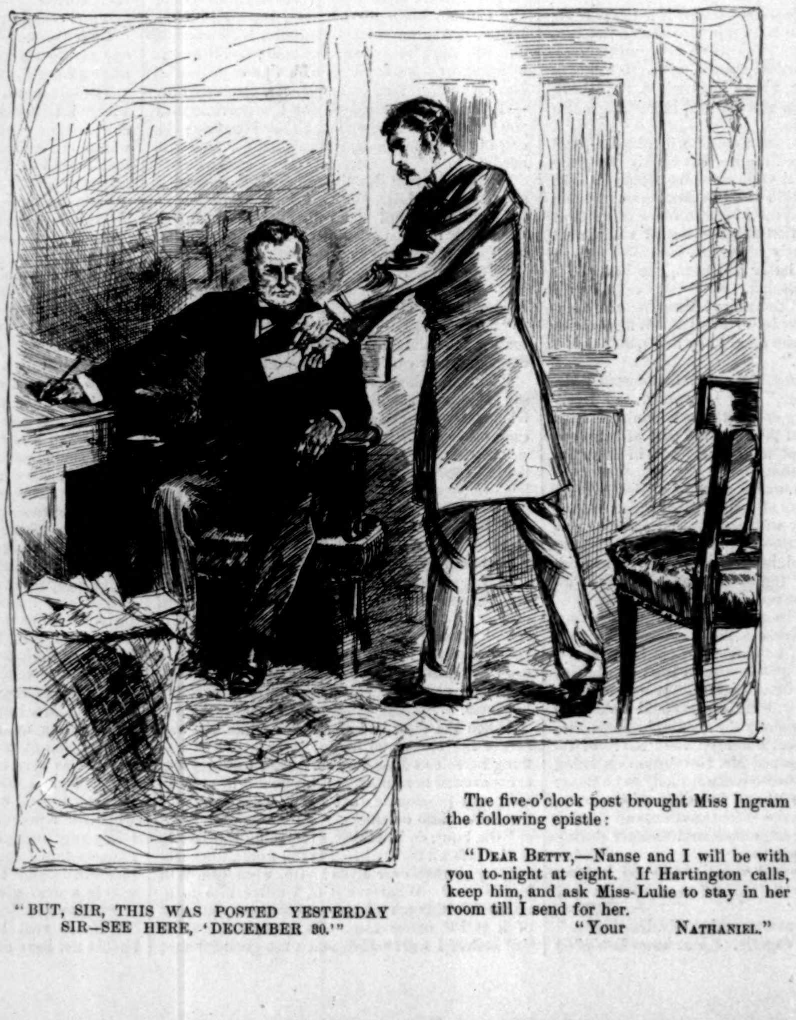
"Yes, the ghost of a wronged love and of a sham friendship!" Nanse flung out these words at Hartington. The latter leaped to the sudden reckless resolve of risking all on a last throw.

"Oh, come, Nanse, a girl should be allowed to choose, and if you had won, I'd have wished you joy, old boy—by Jove, I would!"

"What do you mean?" asked Nanse, facing round upon his old friend.

"That Lulie Featherfew last night gave me her promise to be Mrs. Hartington."

"If that is true, you stand in no need of my or any congratulations," said Nanse, so quietly that he had gone many paces on his way before Hartington recovered from his surprise.



"BUT, SIR, THIS WAS POSTED YESTERDAY SIR—SEE HERE, 'DECEMBER 30.'"

The five-o'clock post brought Miss Ingram the following epistle:

"DEAR BETTY,—Nanse and I will be with you to-night at eight. If Hartington calls, keep him, and ask Miss Lulie to stay in her room till I send for her.

"Your NATHANIEL."

"Oh, what does he say?" cried Lulie Featherfew, in a great flutter. "Can I see it?"

But somehow Miss Ingram thought she would not show this note.

"Mr. Neaves will be here to-night, my dear, and bring a friend with him; and, Lulie—I don't think you need mind—he expresses a wish that you should keep your room till he sends for you."

"How very odd!"

"Nathaniel always was eccentric."

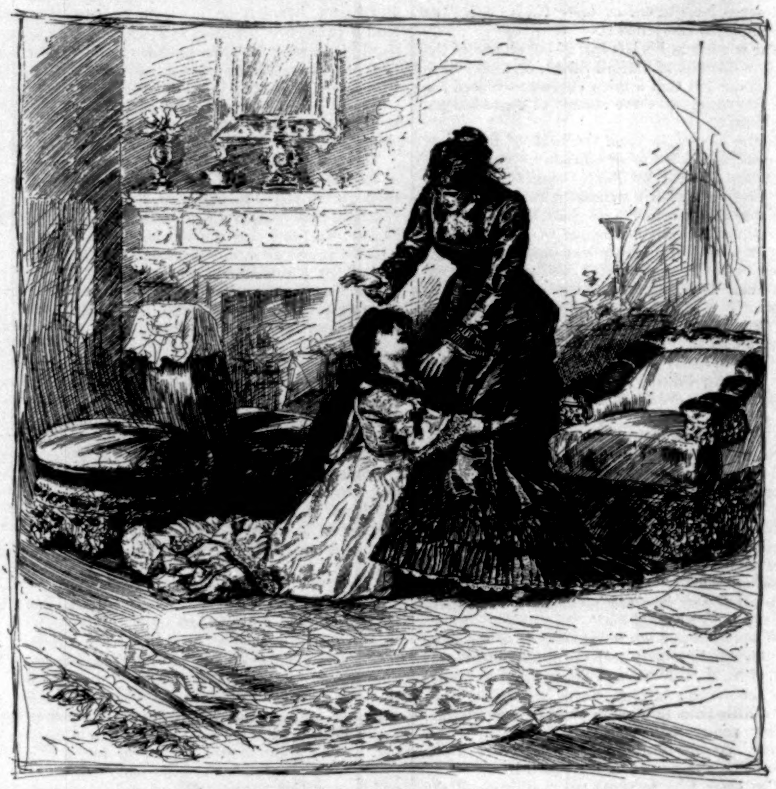
"Nathaniel!" echoed Lulie.

"Well, that's his name, child, and I told you we were at school together. There's nothing in that, I should hope."

When Lulie was gone, Miss Ingram drew out her letter and looked at it again, with blushes and flutterings like any young girl. "'*Dear Betty!*' Oh yes, if you give way in the least, they will have all! and, '*Your Nathaniel.*' Well, I never!"

And when, at eight o'clock precisely, Mr. Neaves was announced, it is a question whether he observed as quickly as young Nanse did on his arrival, three minutes later, that Miss Ingram's soft brown locks were puffed and plaited more elaborately than usual, that the lace at her throat and wrists was of a bridal fineness, and that in her cheeks was a rose like that of early girlhood.

When, in answer to the summons, Miss Lulie came in, with soft lace at *her* throat and wrists, and such a rose in *her* cheeks as only youth and love and tender fear and bounding hope could paint, there was just no explanation at all, but a glad soft cry of each other's names, and then they went off together into the curtained alcove, where only so few hours before Lulie had stood shrinking in such wretchedness from the caresses of Hartington.



"TURNED AND THREW HERSELF AT MISS INGRAM'S FEET, STRAINING HER ARMS ABOUT HER KNEES."

Suddenly Lulie gave a great start, and laid her finger on Will's lips, as they both heard Mr. Hartington announced, and the next moment heard Mr. Neaves saying,

"You are just in season to congratulate me on what I consider a very fortunate change in my business, by which, though a tried old friend goes out of the firm, a dear young friend, and one of the most capable and upright young men I ever knew, comes in."

He went to the alcove, and returned leading Nanse by the hand. "It will be 'Neaves, Nanse, & Neaves' from to-morrow, and Mr. Nanse has all the appointments for the counting-room and outer offices. Now tell me, Mr. Hartington, have I not prepared a pleasant surprise for you in securing you the first chance to wish a friend joy of well-merited promotion?"

The eyes of the young men met, Nance's literally danced with the happy light of love, so happy in its renewal that he could not bear to look on the sullen and pale countenance of his defeated silent foe.

"Ah, sir," he exclaimed, "if it's left with me, there'll be few changes, and certainly none in the counting-room;" and his looks entreated some compassion of Mr. Neaves for Hartington.

"Where's Lulie?" said Mr. Neaves, ignoring these looks. He went behind the curtains and drew the young lady forth into the light, and laying her hands in those of Nanse, he turned again to Hartington.

"You know they were engaged to each other long ago, and had a little tiff, as lovers will, and to-night they're making up for lost time. By Jove, sir"—with sudden ferocity—"take a lesson by this night, and by the forbearance these loving hearts make me show you!"

Hartington, who had not spoken, turned and went toward the door. There Mr. Neaves, who withheld Nanse and Lulie from approaching him, put out his hand.

"Take a week's leave, and then come back to your old place if you choose. All here are agreed to let by-gones be by-gones."

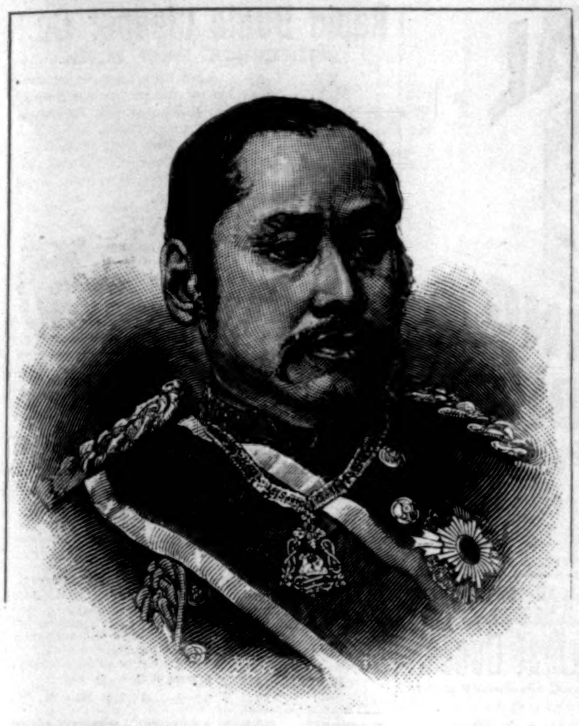
Hartington went out without look or word. Then the young lovers, after one or two exclamations of that compassion and pity which are such a sacred part of happy love, went back to their tryst behind the curtains, and quite forgot, in their selfish bliss, that the hours flying so swiftly for them might be long and tedious to their kind guardians left all to themselves. When the hour of midnight struck, Lulie started with a little pang of remorse for this neglect, and peeped between the curtains.

"Why, Will!" she whispered, softly. Then Will peeped forth, and then they pressed close together, and laughed. Soft as was this laughter, it was overheard. Mr. Neaves and Miss Ingram came toward them.

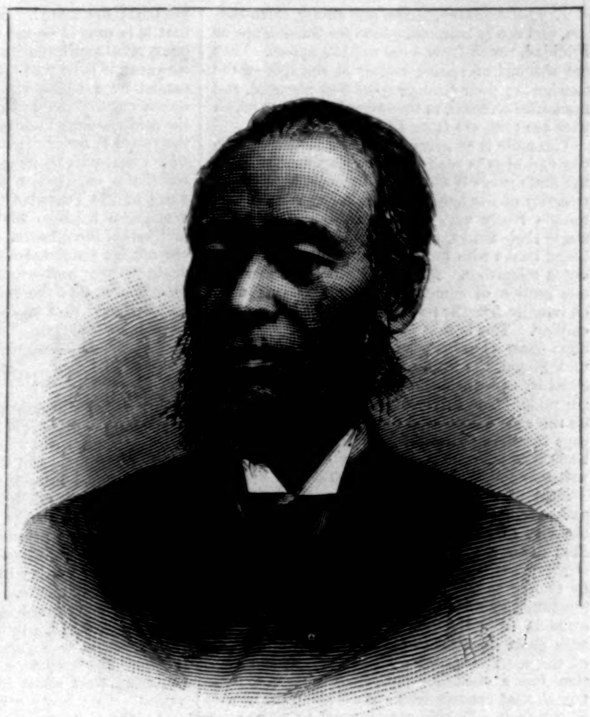
"He laughs best who laughs last," said Mr. Neaves, looking in triumph at young Nanse.

Miss Ingram and Lulie clasped each other.

"I know—he was at school with you," saucily whispered Lulie



THE PRINCE OF ARISUGAWA.—PHOTO. BY LUCKHARDT, VIENNA.



THE MINISTER FROM JAPAN.—PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

SEVERAL distinguished natives of Japan are now visiting the United States, the most notable being the Prince of **ARISUGAWA** and the new Minister to this country. The Prince, a young man of fine presence and high attainments and character, is here chiefly for the pleasure of travelling and studying the manners and customs of our people. He is very intelligent, and his observations on what he sees are marked by great shrewdness.

JOSHII TERASHIMA MUNENORI, the Minister from Japan, who presented his credentials to the President on the 24th of October, has held important positions in his own country for many years. He was for a long time head of the Foreign Office, and was one of the chief advisers of the Emperor, though not technically so called in the official parlance of Japan, where certain officials are specially known as advisers of certain others. His suggestions were always treated with great respect by the Emperor. He is conservative, and did not believe in pushing the progress of the country as rapidly as did some others, whose impulses overpowered their judgment, and caused much unnecessary expenditure. He has thus acted as a balance-wheel. He is fifty-three years old, and has always been an earnest student, with a sincere desire for information. He studied English in his own country, and reads it, while he does not yet speak it well.

It is thought that he has some special purpose in coming here as Minister, and it is suggested that it is possibly to study our political institutions and customs, including religions, and perhaps write out his observations of them for publication in Japan. He tries in every way to glean information. He has been to St. John's Episcopal Church, and followed the service throughout in the Prayer-book, with the assistance of an American gentleman who accompanied him. He has also been to the Catholic church to observe its forms and ceremonies. He is not a society man, as was his predecessor, Mr. **YOSHIDA**, who delighted in entertaining. He has a wife and children, none of whom are with him. He is tall and thin, and has gray hair and beard. He looks the thoughtful, studious man that he is. He has never before coming here been in the diplomatic service.

THE MENHADEN FISHERY.

OUR illustration shows the present manner of catching menhaden, or moss-bunkers, off the coast of Long Island. When the steam-tugs arrive on the fishing grounds, the crew take out the long deep nets, and after making a wide circuit, row back to the tugs, when the catch is hoisted on board The haul is generally enormous, and in spite of its being one of the most prolific of fish, the menhaden must inevitably be destroyed in time if this method of catching it is allowed to go on.

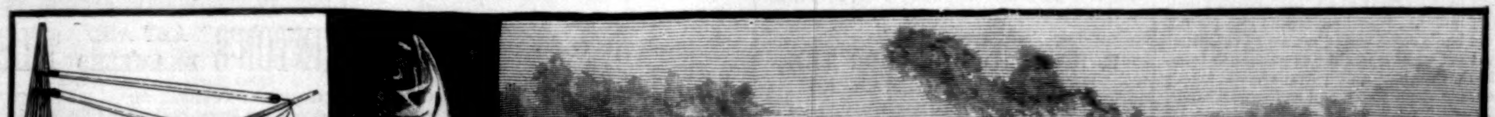
THE STORY OF A MULE YARD.

A NOVELTY in the way of live-stock markets is presented at the corner of Grand and Bishop streets, in Jersey City, in the shape of a mule yard, in which Western mules are received, cared for, and prepared for shipment to ports of the West Indies and the Spanish Main. The Jersey City mule yard is the only one east of the Alleghanies from which foreign shipments are made, and is the largest and oldest in the country. It is an inclosure of several acres, divided into a number of pens or yards, open and under cover, and affording accommodation for several thousand mules at a time, though generally only occupied by a few hundred. Each of the pens is provided with corn-cribs, hay-racks, salt-boxes, and water-troughs, and here, after his release from the cars that have brought him from the West, until he resumes his journey to foreign shores, the mule enjoys such a season of rest and recreation as rarely comes to this patient, hard-working quadruped.

The principal mule-raising States are Kentucky, Missouri, Indiana, and Iowa; but the proprietors of this great yard have their agents in almost every Western State, and nearly every day of the week witnesses arrivals of mules from those distant points, and departure for others still more remote. While resting here and awaiting a change of owners the mules are well fed and cared for, and those of a lot just ready for shipment present as fine an appearance as the most fastidious purchaser could desire.

One operation which each and every mule must undergo before leaving the yard is that of being "roached" and trimmed, or, in other words, of passing through the hands of the equine—it would be wrong to call him asinine—barber. A lot of mules selected for shipment are driven into a large pen, one end of which is long and narrow, like the neck of a bottle. Into this narrow passage each mule is driven separately, a bar is dropped behind him, and the operator, armed with a pair of sharp shears, and standing on a platform outside the pen, deftly clips, or "roaches," his mane, until not so much hair is left as adorns the head of a convict, and trims all hair, save a tuft at the end, from his tail. This trimming improves the mule's appearance vastly, as his hair, if allowed to grow, is thin and ragged. While the man with the shears is at work, another quickly slips and fastens over the mule's head a braided rope halter, of which the end is neatly tucked under, so as not to hang down and interfere with the animal's movements. The mule submits patiently to these operations because he can not help himself; but the moment the gate in front of him is opened he bounds away, kicking and squealing with delight at his release.

The animals in the several pens are graded according to size and destination. In one pen may be seen a lot of "premium" mules from Kentucky, intended for home sale and use. They are magnificent fellows, standing sixteen and seventeen hands high, and valued at $300 apiece. In an adjoining inclosure may be seen a lot



THE MENHADEN FISHERY.—DRAWN BY J. A. S. MONKS.

of fifty little fellows, plump and strong, clean-shaven, and newly haltered, bound for Guadaloupe or Trinidad, worth from $100 to $150 apiece. They are shipped on sailing vessels at the risk of the consignee; their passage costs $40 per head, and the duties on them, in the several islands to which they are sent, are from $6 to $8 a mule.

The mule is so generally regarded as treacherous and always ready to kick that the visitor to the mule yards is filled with astonishment at the temerity of the herders and other employés, who mingle freely with the mules, pull their tails, tickle their flanks, or slap them soundly on their broad backs with impunity, and apparently without a misgiving. The writer can remember but one section of country whose inhabitants were on equally friendly terms with the mules in their employ. This is that narrow strip of North Carolina coast lying between the Atlantic and Currituck Sound, the sandy roads of which are traversed by two-wheeled carts, each drawn by a single mule. The driver of one of these carts sits on the axle with his feet stuck into two loops of rope that hang within a few inches of the mule's heels. This country has been described by a writer as "the place where mules do not kick."

Most of the mules destined for foreign shipment are brought to New York and driven across the city to some of the lower piers along the East River very early in the morning, before the streets are encumbered by traffic. They are driven by two or three herders, mounted on wiry little mustangs, and looking as though they had just come in from the plains, and generally follow, with great docility, an old horse ridden in front of them. The vessel prepared for their reception has a shed-like roof built above a long trough that extends fore and aft along the length of the deck. To this are fastened by their rope halters a double row of mules heading toward each other. They are packed so closely that they can not lie down, but must stand up during the entire voyage—always of four or five days, and often of longer duration. They bear the voyage very well, however, and though in much poorer condition when they arrive at their journey's end than when they started, seldom die at sea, and quickly recover their health and spirits upon landing.

One of the herders attached to these mule yards, a bronzed young fellow wearing a broad-brimmed sombrero, and more at home in the saddle than on foot, whose constant companion is a black-snake whip, which he can crack with a report like that of a pistol, and who has grown up among mules on the plains, regards them as the most valuable and intelligent of animals.

He says that mules will live and thrive where horses would starve, and that for performing honest work upon short allowance of food they have no equals among beasts of burden. As he expresses it: "Mules will live on what a horse would starve before he'd touch. They'll grow fat on sage-brush, and I've known them to live and work for weeks by chawing each other's manes and tails, the wagon tongues, feed-boxes, sheets, sand, and the like. Then, too, you don't want no better guard round a camp in an Injun country than a herd of mules. They hate Injuns like poison, and a red can't come within a mile of camp but what they get oneasy, and like as not they'll stampede if they're not well corralled. A mule's mighty scary about water, and as for quicksands, they can smell 'em, and if you get a mule to set foot in a quicksand you've got to fight for it. No, mules ain't so vicious as folks gives them the name for being. They do kick and bite and squeal sometimes, but that's only their play. If they're well broke and used kind, they'll serve you well and faithful, and when you do get hold of a mule that's good and kind and willing to work, you've got an animal that 'll do more and ask less for it than any other you can name."

MUSICAL FISHES.

To speak of "sound-producing" fishes appears to be an anomalous proceeding, inasmuch as the silence of fish existence is usually accepted as an article of unquestioning faith. But clear evidence exists that certain fishes do produce sounds of very definite character. Amongst those large-headed fishes the Gurnards, two, named the "Piper" and "Cuckoo" species, are so named from the notes they emit on being taken from the water. These sounds are due to the muscular movements of the "swimming bladder" of the fish, and are said to range over nearly an octave. Certain male fishes of the genus *Ophidium* are known to produce sounds by means of a curious chain of bones connected to the air-bladder by muscles; and the Maigres or Umbrinas (*Sciæna aquila*), one of the best-known of Mediterranean fishes, are perhaps more celebrated for their accomplishments in the way of producing a drumming noise than in any other respect. Some authorities have declared that the Maigres produce flute-like notes, and the sounds are said to be audible in twenty fathoms of water. The male fishes alone make these noises, and Kingsley has recorded that the fishermen of Rochelle find it possible to take them without bait by means of a skillful imitation of the noise.

The Drum-fish (*Pogonias*) of North American coasts obtains its name from the loud and persistent noises it makes, and certain other fishes, belonging to different species, imitate the latter fish in this respect. "To this fish (*P. chromis*)," says Dr. Günther in his recent work on *Fishes*, "more especially is given the name of 'Drum' from the extraordinary sounds which are produced by it and other allied Sciænoids. These sounds are better expressed by the word drumming than by any other, and are frequently noticed by persons in vessels lying at anchor on the coasts of the United States, where those fishes abound." "It is still a matter of uncertainty," adds Dr. Günther, "by what means the 'Drum' produces the sound. Some naturalists believe that it is caused by the clapping together of the pharyngeal teeth, which are very large molar teeth. However, if it be true that the sounds are accompanied by a tremulous motion of the vessel, it seems more probable that they are produced by the fishes beating their tails against the bottom of the vessel in order to get rid of the parasites with which that part of their body is infested." Dr. Günther's explanation of the production of the noise of the Pogonias necessarily destroys any connection between that sound and the mating instincts of these fishes. But in other cases, from the almost universal absence of the sound-producing power in the female fishes, we are forced to conclude that the faculty in question is used and designed as a means of attracting the latter to their mates.

A PROSPEROUS CITY.

The city of Milwaukee, of which an illustration is given on page 837, has reason to be proud not only of its beautiful situation, but also of its remarkable growth and the large development of its commercial interests. Less than fifty years ago it was a little village of but 1200 inhabitants; to-day it is a great city with nearly one hundred times that many people within its borders. In point of numbers it closely follows Detroit in the West and Jersey City in the East. Its shipping interests are immense.

As a primary grain centre it is among the largest in the world. It was the year 1840 when the first cargo was shipped from Milwaukee, and it required the whole winter to accumulate 4000 bushels. Now there are no less than nine elevators, with a storage capacity of from 200,000 to 1,000,000 bushels each, the total capacity being 5,330,000 bushels. They can ship over 1,000,000 bushels a day, but can take in only about half as much, the grain requiring twice the time and trouble to go up as it does to come down. Twelve railroads centre in and radiate from the city, and many steamers and sailing vessels are employed in its carrying trade. The leading manufacturing interest is iron, the next flour, and following that, lager-beer.

The origin of the name and its correct orthography are still open questions. The first time it occurs is in Lieutenant James Gorrett's journal, in 1761, where he states that a party of Indians came from *Milwacky*. Colonel Peyster writes it *Milwakie*. Dr. Morse records that *Mil-wah-kie* was settled by the Sacs and Foxes, and that the name was derived from the word *Manawakie*, meaning "good land," which recalls Peyster's assertion that the name of the river was *Mahn-a-waukie*. The French seem to have written it *Milouaqui* in their early dispatches home.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Dr. Jos. Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."—[*Adv.*]

E. HOWARD & CO. ARE THE PIONEER WATCH-MAKERS

Of this country, and their experience of nearly thirty years fully warrants them in asserting the Howard Watch as the best in the market. In purchasing a watch be sure and examine into their merits.—[*Adv.*]

NO NEW-YEAR RECEPTION TABLE
Should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned Appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the Genuine Article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,
The best of all hair dressings. It allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, *thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of hair.* Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as *cannot be surpassed.* Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[*Adv.*]

GRAY HAIR.
Any person under fifty years of age can have their HAIR RESTORED to its NATURAL COLOR by using DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT.
IT ALSO RENEWS THE HAIR AND PREVENTS BALDNESS.
It is WARRANTED PERFECTLY INNOCENT to apply. Only 25 cents. Sold by the druggists.
Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

EMACIATED CHILDREN
And invalids acquire vigor and flesh from using Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, Furrier, 103 Prince Street, N. Y., will send Fur Fashion Book free to any address.—[*Adv.*]

Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce, the great relish, expressly for family use. Sold only in bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Don't accept any substitute in place of Parker's Ginger Tonic, which is a superior strength restorer.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GUNTHER'S Suitable for presents. Try it once. 78 MADISON ST. CHICAGO
Send $1, $2, $3 or $5 for retail box by express (charges light) of the best candy in the world. Put up in handsome boxes.
CANDY

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, **10c.** SNOW & CO., Meriden, Ct.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

"The best illustrated book that has ever been issued in America."

SELECTIONS
FROM THE
POETRY OF ROBERT HERRICK,
WITH
Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey.

4to, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7.50.
(In a box.)

No contemporary honors received by the poet equal this in fitness and beauty. He would have delighted to turn over such pages and recognize his true interpreter.—*Journal of Commerce*, N. Y.

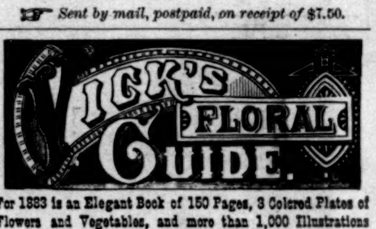
No more notable event in the world of American illustrated books has come to pass this year than this publication.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The best illustrated book that has ever been issued in America. It is far more than this. It is, in our opinion, the finest work of illustrative art that has appeared since the days of William Blake.—*N. Y. World.*

It is doubtful whether any poet was ever more fortunate in finding an artist to interpret his thoughts.—*Boston Journal.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of* $7.50.

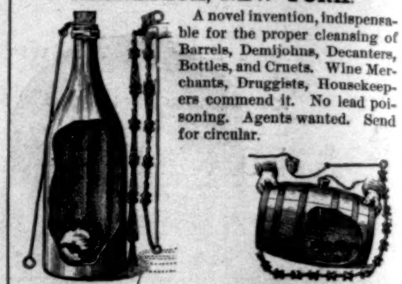

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.

For 1883 is an Elegant Book of 150 Pages, 3 Colored Plates of Flowers and Vegetables, and more than 1,000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for Growing. It is handsome enough for the Centre Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post Office address with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cents.
Vick's Seeds are the Best in the World!
The Floral Guide will tell you how to get and grow them.
Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, 6 Colored Plates, 500 Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.
Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, 32 pages, a Colored Plate in every number, and many fine Engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5. Specimen Number sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents.
JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.
TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

CARDS Send two 3c. stamps to **C. TOLLNER, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.,** for a new set elegant Chromo Cards and Catalogue of Latest Designs for fall and winter.

Rapid Bottle Cleaner Co.,
RHINEBECK, NEW YORK.



A novel invention, indispensable for the proper cleansing of Barrels, Demijohns, Decanters, Bottles, and Cruets. Wine Merchants, Druggists, Housekeepers commend it. No lead poisoning. Agents wanted. Send for circular.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT
Office, 5 & 7 John St., New York.
BRANCH OFFICES
1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.
43 North Charles St., Baltimore.

Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*
Gentlemen's Garments *cleaned or dyed whole.*
Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.
Goods received and returned by express and by mail.
BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.
CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.
China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
75 & 77 West 23d St., New York,
Sole Agents in the United States.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.
SEINES
NETS, &c.
Write for Large Illustrated Catalogue.
Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, sent c. o. d. for examinatoon.

Another Exquisite Volume
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"PASTORAL DAYS."

Highways and Byways;
OR,
SAUNTERINGS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By W. HAMILTON GIBSON.
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

4to, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7.50.
(In a box.)

A volume of which not the artist-author alone, but the art of his country may be proud.—*N. Y. Herald.*

It is a volume that has a uniformity of beauty—of style, of printing and binding, and of illustration—which is seldom achieved.—*N. Y. World.*

If Mr. Gibson had not made a reputation for himself as an artist he would certainly have made a reputation for himself as a writer, his gifts in both directions being larger than those of any artist-writer in the country.—*Mail and Express*, N. Y.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

GOOD COFFEE How to Make it AT HALF COST.
Agents' Profits $5 to $10 per day, at home. Address SHEPARD BROS., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wei De Meyer's CATARRH CURE

Dr. Wei De Meyer's Catarrh Cure "*Is worth ten times its cost.*"
REV. C. J. JONES, NEW BRIGHTON, S. I.

Dr. Wei De Meyer's Catarrh Cure "*Is truly a cure for Catarrh.*"
REV. HANNIBAL GOODWIN, NEWARK, N. J.

Dr. Wei De Meyer's Catarrh Cure "*Cured me effectually of Catarrh.*"
REV. C. H. TAYLOR, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dr. Wei De Meyer's Catarrh Cure will be forwarded by **mail** or **express** at our expense on receipt of **$1.00** for **One Package** or **$5.00** for **Six Packages,** also sold by Druggists.

Dr. Wei De Meyer's "Illustrated Treatise" on the causes, consequences and **cure of Catarrhal Diseases,** will be mailed free on your request.

D. B. DEWEY & CO., 182 Fulton St., N. Y.

PLAYS FOR AMATEUR THEATRICALS AND DRAMATIC CLUBS. Parlor Plays, Fairy Plays, Juvenile Plays, Temperance Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Tableaux, Pantomimes, Charades, Dialogues, Reciters, Speakers, Wax Works, Guide-books, Scenery, Magnesium Lights, Tableau Lights, Colored Fire, Lightning, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Wigs, Beards, Mustaches, Music, &c. Catalogues, containing full descriptions and prices, sent free. Send your address to Post-office Box 3410, New York.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.** **OUR $15 SHOT-GUN** at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83.
P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The Golden Shaft. By CHARLES GIBBON. 20 cents.

Val Strange. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. 20 cents.

Quits at Last. By R. E. FRANCILLON. 15 cents.

Flower and Weed. By M. E. BRADDON. 10 cents.

Of High Degree. By CHARLES GIBBON. 20 cents.

Lorna Doone. A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 25 cents.

Rachel's Inheritance; or, Damocles. By MARGARET VELEY. 20 cents.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men. An Impossible Story. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. 20 cents.

An Adventure in Thule. A Story for Young People. By WILLIAM BLACK. 10 cents.

Allerton Towers. By ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. Pender Cudlip.) 20 cents.

A Transplanted Rose. A Story of New York Society. $1 00.

Diddie, Dumps, and Tot; or, Plantation Child-Life. By LOUISE-CLARKE PYRNELLE. Illustrated. $1 00.

Weighed and Wanting. By GEORGE MACDONALD. 20 cents.

Kept in the Dark. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 15 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$1.65 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—**$3.15 BUYS** an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Cases, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.

PHONOGRAPHY, OR PHONETIC SHORT-HAND. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners, sent on application. Address PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cin'ti, O.

BEST $2.50 PRINTING PRESS, with a complete **Script Type Outfit,** $4. Sample Cards and Catalogue, 3c. **W. C. EVANS,** 50 N. Ninth St., Phila., Pa.

DEAF People rejoice with **PECK'S NEW PATENT EAR DRUMS,** pleasant to wear and not seen in use. "Every day my hearing improves with them" says Mr. J. L. P. Ackers, Cambridgeport, Mass., who was deaf 42 years. Treatise and astonishing testimonials sent free. H. P. K. PECK, 853 Broadway, New York.

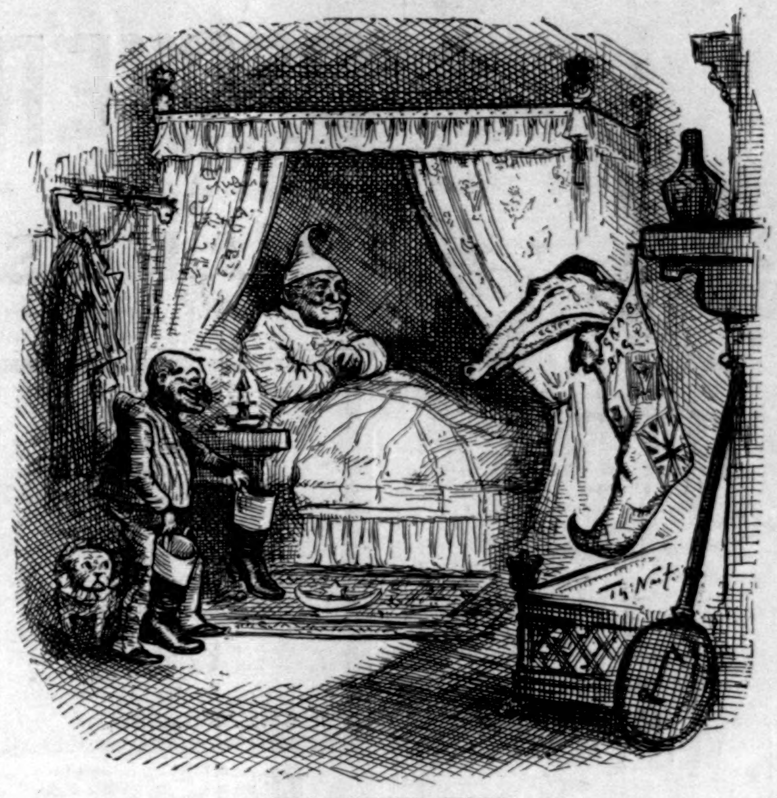
AGENTS WANTED to sell M'Clintock & Strong's Religious Cyclopædia and other popular subscription books.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

BIG Guaranteed at home. Address **J. E. SHEPARD & CO., Cincinnati, O.** **PAY**

AGENTS WANTED to sell Dr. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPE BOOK. *Sells at sight.* You double your money. Address **Dr. CHASE'S** Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

CARDS Send five 3c. stamps for new set of imported cards, "**UMBRELLA.**" WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand Rubber Stamps. Samples free. C. Foljambe & Co., Cleveland, O.



SELF-PRESENTATIONS.

JOHN BULL. "Dear me! who could have put that in my stocking? It must have been that grand old man—Santa Claus."

"A Triumph of Art."

"A Treasury of Literary Riches."

"A Marvel of Beauty."

HARPER'S CHRISTMAS.

Price, 75 cents.

Pictures and Papers, done by the Tile Club and its Literary Friends. 32 pages (page double the size of *Harper's Weekly* page), with two-page Supplement.

AUTHORS.	ARTISTS.
G. W. CURTIS,	E. A. ABBEY,
W. D. HOWELLS,	C. S. REINHART,
T. B. ALDRICH,	G. H. BOUGHTON,
MARK TWAIN,	F. DIELMAN,
E. C. STEDMAN,	R. S. GIFFORD,
"UNCLE REMUS,"	A. QUARTLEY,
THOS. HARDY,	W. M. CHASE,
&c., &c., &c.	&c., &c., &c.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any address on receipt of Seventy-five Cents.*

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

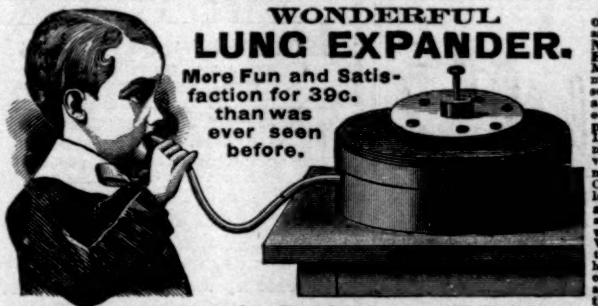
HOLIDAY NOVELTIES IN

Furnishing Goods for Gentlemen.

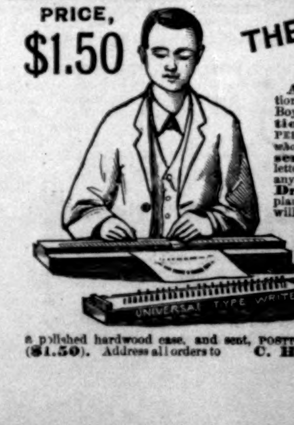
Silk Mufflers and Handkerchiefs, Imported styles in Neckwear, Japanese Silk, Cashmere and Cloth Robes de Chambre, Smoking and Study Jackets, Pajamas, Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs (ready-made or to order), Umbrellas in Sterling Silver and other mountings, Dress and Driving Gloves, Fur Gloves, Gauntlets and Collars, together with a fine stock of Silk, Scotch Wool, Merino and Flannel Underwear and Hosiery.

Broadway and 19th St.

IT Pays to sell our Rubber Stamps and other Goods. Circulars free. The G. A. HARPER MF. Co., Detroit, Mich.


WONDERFUL
LUNG EXPANDER.
More Fun and Satisfaction for 39c. than was ever seen before.

It will **test the capacity of the Lungs,** as accurately as a $50,00 lung testing machine. **NOTHING LIKE IT; EVERYBODY BUYS IT.** More than one half of the human family are troubled, with some kind of **Lung Disease,** a large portion of which is caused by a lack of **Regular and proper exercise of the Lungs.** People soon tire of nauseating medicine but they never tire of healthful exercise mixed with fun and amusement. Our Lung **Expander** stimulates friendly contests among **old and young** alike, and there is a great deal of fun in deciding **who has the strongest lungs.** We have made the price so low that every family can afford to have one. The Expander is made of metal, handsomely decorated, and is operated by **blowing through a rubber tube,** as shown in cut. We want to introduce our **Lung Expander** into every part of the United States at once. Special Offer. During the months of December and January, we will send Samples by Mail to any Part of the country, securely packed in a strong box. POSTAGE PAID UPON RECEIPT OF 39c. Stamps taken. McNEIL & CO., Box 283, 21 Tyron Row, N.Y.



PRICE, $1.50

THE UNIVERSAL TYPE WRITER.

THE BEST HOLIDAY PRESENT.

A Type Writer placed within the reach of all. The attention of Teachers, Clergymen, Merchants, Draughtsmen, and Engineers, as well as Boys and Girls, is respectfully asked to this **new and ingenious invention.** WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN PRINT WITH IT AS CLEARLY AND PERFECTLY AS WITH A $100 TYPE WRITER, and it is *so simple that any child who knows his alphabet can operate it.* **Any style of Type can be inserted, and any color of ink used.** And, aside from its value for letter-writing, it can be used as a *printing press.* You can print cards and also anything up to foolscap size, and mark clothes in the most perfect manner. **Draughtsmen** and **Engineers** will find it valuable in naming their plans, etc., the size of the drawing making no difference. A hundred uses for it will suggest themselves to any **Merchant** besides that of a letter-writer; for a greater variety of work is possible with it than with an expensive type writer. **Clergymen** can with it commit their manuscript to printed form either for delivery or for preservation. **Parents** and **Teachers** will find it the greatest aid to a knowledge of spelling that has ever been invented. It will not only instruct, but at the same time amuse and entertain. The **Boys** and **Girls** who have wished for a printing press will find it to answer many purposes, and, besides writing their letters, they can print their cards, etc., etc. Each Type Writer includes **two sets of type and four colors of ink.** Extra type, **25c.** per set. Every one put up in a polished hardwood case, and sent, POSTPAID, to any address on receipt of price,—**One Dollar and a Half ($1.50).** Address all orders to **C. H. SPAULDING,** Mfr.'s Agent, 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

To obviate the many complaints caused by the dissatisfaction in the wear of BLACK SILKS,

Messrs. JAMES McCREERY & CO.

have advanced the standard of their widely known "Cachemire Sublime De Novi." These goods are made by hand, are of a pure vegetable dye, and less liable to break or wear shiny than any other black silks. They strongly recommend them in every particular.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

Broadway, cor. 11th St.

1883. 1883.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR begin with the first numbers for January, the Volumes of the YOUNG PEOPLE with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the MAGAZINE with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be entered with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Nine Cents in Postage Stamps.

DEAF **PEOPLE HEAR** by the use of **Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums.** Circulars and testimonials sent *free.* **John Garmore, Glenn B'ld'g, Cincinnati, O.**

50 CT. MUSIC **Only Ten Cents.** Send Postal Card for Catalogue. WM. P. BRECK & CO., 281 Greenwich St., New York.

FREE An Illustrated Book and 12 elegant Chromo Advertising Cards. Send your address and a three-cent stamp to the AETNA CARD CO., 104 Fulton St., New York. P. O. Box 2724.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. Ask Druggists for "ROUGH ON RATS." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs, 15c.

STEPHENS' INKS Manufactured by H. C. STEPHENS, London, England. SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS IN AMERICA.

HARPER'S BAZAR

CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

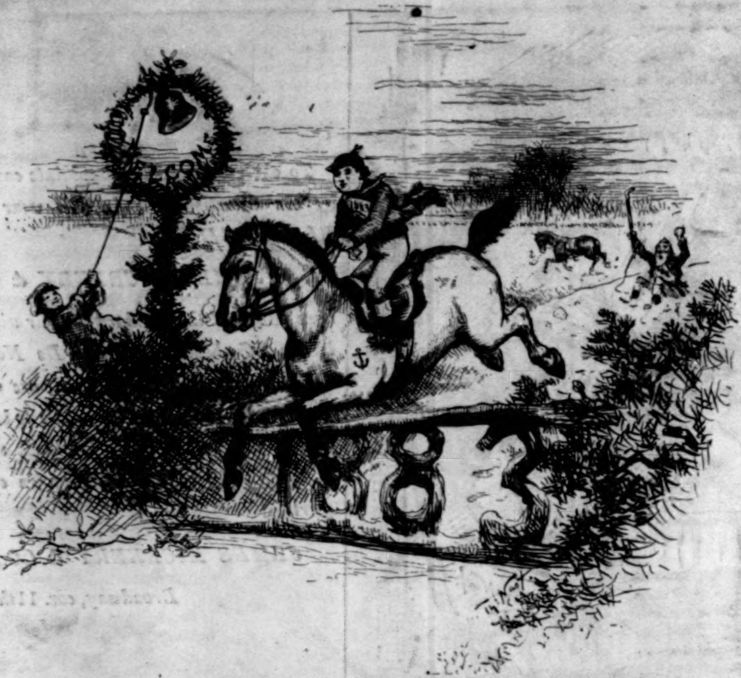
We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth **$10** free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

10 cts. PAYS for the famous STAR SPANGLED BANNER 3 mos. Nothing like it. Large 8 Page, 40 Column, Illus. Paper. 21st yr. Splendid Stories, Sketches, Poems, Wit, Humor, and Fun. Specimens FREE. SEND NOW. Address, BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

☞ **50** Pretty Chromo Cards, name in our new type, 10c. Six durable Tea Spoons in fancy case, 30c., or 10 packs of cards and the spoons for $1. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Agent's beautiful Sample Album, 25c.
Address Clinton & Co., North Haven, Conn.



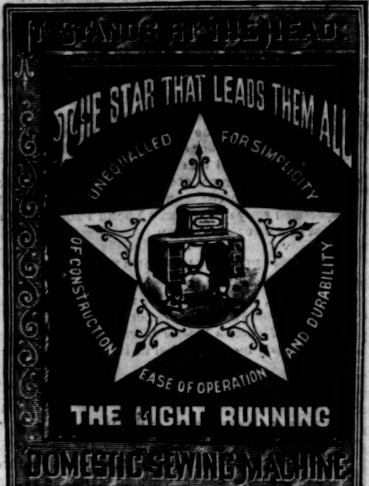
NEW YEAR'S JUMP WITH HOPE WINS AGAIN.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS.

Seal-skin Sacques and Cloaks;
Fur-lined Garments;
Gent's Caps and Gloves, Robes.

184 Fifth Ave., New York.

Orders by mail or information desired will receive special and prompt attention.



IT STANDS AT THE HEAD

THE STAR THAT LEADS THEM ALL

UNEQUALLED FOR SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION AND DURABILITY EASE OF OPERATION

THE LIGHT RUNNING

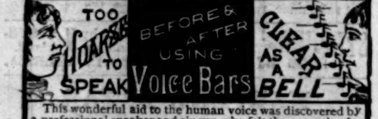
DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE

Best Made Driving Gloves.

Manufactured from Kid, Calf, and Dogskin; Unlined, Lined, and Fur-trimmed, and Warranted by the Manufacturer. **J. C. HUTCHINSON**, Johnstown, N. Y.

VOICE BARS. THE THROAT.

Trouble in the Throat, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Shortness of Breath, are often forerunners of **Consumption.** **"Voice Bars"** will in every instance cure these symptoms. Does your voice give out in speaking? Is your voice weak? Are you troubled with hoarseness? Is your voice coarse or rough?



This wonderful aid to the human voice was discovered by a professional speaker and singer, who felt the necessity for something to strengthen and relieve the throat; develope the full voice power, and cure **quickly** Colds, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat, Bronchial tubes and Lungs.

For Singers or Speakers they are Indispensable.

Sample box sent on receipt of **25cts.** Circulars free.
Voice Bars Co., World Building, Washington, D. C.

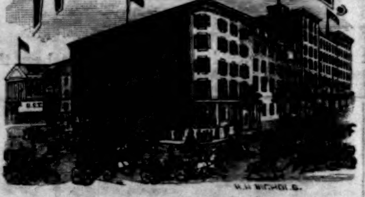
Print Your Own Cards, &c. Press $3. Large sizes for circulars, &c., $8 to $90. For pleasure, money-making, young or old. Everything easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory. **KELSEY & CO.**, Meriden, Conn.

COLEMAN Business College, Newark, N. J. Send stamp for elegant Catalogue to T. W. PALMS, Sec'y.

CONGRESS WATER.

Superior to all. Cathartic, alterative. A specific for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, eczema, malaria, and all impurities of the blood. Avoid crude, harsh waters, native and foreign. Such waters are positive irritants and impair the digestive organs and kidneys.

WILLARD'S HOTEL.



WASHINGTON, D. C.

This well-known and favorably-located Hotel at the **Great Winter Resort of the Country** is First Class in all its appointments. A description of the Hotel with a brief guide to the city will be sent on application. Board by the month according to location of rooms.

JOSEPH G. COOKE, Proprietor.

HILL'S MANUAL.

The later editions of Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms, by Thos. E. Hill, one of the most popular and useful subscription books issued in America, contain new and important additions and illustrations.

Penmanship, Book-keeping, Business and Legal Forms, Etiquette, Government and Society Organization, Battles of the Republic, Literary Composition, the Art of Poetry and Popular Poetical Selections are among its attractive features.

Position *for Holding Knife and Fork when eating, Good and Bad Manners, Dinner Parties and Table Etiquette in general, all illustrated in Hill's Manual.*

The Boston "Herald" Says: "Hill's Manual contains almost everything that a person should know in this practical age."

Agents wanted everywhere, at liberal commissions, to sell this work, to whom we offer flattering inducements to canvass for us. Send for terms to **HILL STANDARD BOOK CO., 103 State Street, Chicago, Ill.**

☞ Ask any Book-Agent to show you Hill's Manual.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

134 W. 4th St., CINCINNATI.

Empson's CANDIES

are artistic combinations of the choicest sugar, nuts, fruits, flavors and cream. To buy once is to buy always. Boxes by express, 75c., $1.50, $2.25, $3.00, $3.75. Strictly pure, plainer candies for the children, 30c. per pound.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING,
Steam Pipe & Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Mill Board, Sheathing, Fire Proof Coatings, &c.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

THE BEST THE DUEBER WATCH CASE

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay until Cured. J. L. STEPHENS, M. D., Lebanon, Ohio.

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS

PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.

COUGHS, &c.

SUFFERERS from Coughs and Asthma will find a sure relief from these distressing complaints in **Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar**—a medicine widely known and esteemed for its valuable pulmonic qualities, being principally compounded from the syrup or honey prepared from the plant of Horehound, skilfully combined with Tar in such a manner as to entirely overcome the unpleasant taste of the latter, thus rendering this medicine extremely palatable, while not detracting from its soothing properties. Chronic as well as Ordinary Colds and Coughs readily yield to this fine medicine. *Ask your Druggist* for "Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar" (full name), *and take no substitute.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

Paillard's MUSIC BOXES

ARE THE BEST.

OUR STOCK OF FINE INSTRUMENTS AS WELL AS LOW-PRICED ONES IS THE LARGEST TO BE FOUND IN THIS WORLD, AND IS MORE COMPLETE THIS SEASON THAN IT EVER WAS.

IMPROVED MUSICAL ALBUMS
And Other Fancy Surprise Musical Articles.
CALL EARLY AND EXAMINE.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
No. 680 Broadway, near Bond St.

DORCAS Saxony Worsted. Germantown Yarn. Knitting Worsted. Knitting Cotton.

Perfect in spinning and coloring; Balled ready for use, without stretching the material. May be unwound from the inside or outside of the Ball.

Low's Toilet Soaps.

OLD BROWN WINDSOR,
TURTLE OIL TABLETS,
ELDER FLOWER, ½ lb. Bar.

Low's Quadruple Strength Extracts

Æsthetic Bouquet, Jersey Lily,
Iroquois Bouquet, White Lilac,
Violets from My Garden.

HOOPER'S CACHOUS
ARE COATED WITH
PURE SILVER.

The Howard Tooth Brushes
HAVE SECURELY FASTENED BRISTLES.

THE "OWL" BRAND NEEDLES
ARE FIRST QUALITY IN EVERY RESPECT.

For Sale by Leading Merchants.

BARNEY & BERRY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

"**THE BEST PRACTICAL ART MAGAZINE**" is *THE ART AMATEUR*, which gives monthly at least 30 large pages of designs and instructions, illustrations and information, relating to Decorative, Industrial, and Pictorial Art. Price $4 00 a year, 35 cents a number. Specimen copy for 20 cents, if this advertisement is mentioned. MONTAGUE MARKS, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.

"**ROUGH ON RATS.**"—Ask Druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, 15c.

SYPHER & CO.

ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING FROM EUROPE
Antique Silver, Furniture, Clocks,
Bronzes, and Articles of Vertu.
739 & 741 BROADWAY.

PEARLS IN THE MOUTH

BEAUTY & FRAGRANCE

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth WHITE, the gums ROSY and the breath SWEET. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth and prevents decay.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

1883. 1883.

The Washington (D. C.) Weekly Star,

A large, independent eight-page paper of fifty-six columns, cut, pasted, and folded. Established thirty-two years. Only **One Dollar** a year, postpaid. Try it. Send for specimen.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The GREATEST LIVING Authors, such as Prof. Max Muller, Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Jas. A. Froude, Prof. Huxley, R. A. Proctor, Edw. A. Freeman, Prof. Tyndall, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Frances Power Cobbe, Prof. Goldwin Smith, The Duke of Argyll, Wm. Black, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Mulock-Craik, George MacDonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Jean Ingelow, Thos. Hardy, W. H. Mallock, W. W. Story, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, and many others, are represented in the pages of

Littell's Living Age.

Jan. 1, 1883, THE LIVING AGE enters upon its **156th Volume**, admittedly unrivalled and continuously successful. A *Weekly Magazine*, it gives more than

THREE AND A QUARTER THOUSAND

double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a *satisfactory completeness attempted by no other publication*, the best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Serial and Short Stories, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature.

It is therefore invaluable to every American reader, as the only satisfactorily fresh and COMPLETE compilation of an indispensable current literature,—*indispensable* because it embraces the productions of the

ABLEST LIVING WRITERS

in all branches of Literature, Science, Politics and Art.

"LITTELL'S LIVING AGE *has now for many years held the first place of all our serial publications. There is nothing noteworthy in science, art, literature, biography, philosophy, or religion, that cannot be found in it.*"—Churchman, N.Y.

"*It stands easily at the head of its class and deserves its prosperity.*"—The Congregationalist, Boston.

"*The ablest essays and reviews of the day are to be found here.*"—The Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

"*It enables its readers to keep fully abreast of the best thought and literature of civilization.*"—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

"*There is no other way of procuring the same amount of excellent literature for anything like the same price.*"—Boston Advertiser.

"*No other periodical can compare with it in interest and value.*"—Boston Traveller.

"*No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture.*"—N. Y. Tribune.

"*No other publication can supply its place. It contains not only the best solid literature, but also the best serial stories of the day.*"—Episcopal Register, Philadelphia.

"*In it we find the best productions of the best writers upon all subjects ready to our hand.*"—Phila. Inquirer.

"*It is indispensable in every household where any attempt is made to keep up with the current thought of the day.*"—Hartford Courant.

"*As much in the forefront of eclectic publications as at its start forty years ago.*"—Cincinnati Gazette.

"*As much a necessity as ever.*"—The Advance, Chicago.

"*It affords the best, the cheapest, and most convenient means of keeping abreast with the progress of thought in all its phases.*"—North American, Philadelphia.

"*The great eclectic of the world.*"—Morning Star, Wilmington, N.C.

"*The best of magazines to subscribe to.*"—Montreal Gazette.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at $8.00 a year, free of postage; or for $10.50 THE LIVING AGE and any one of the American $4 Monthlies (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) will be sent for a year, postpaid; or, for $9.50 THE LIVING AGE and the *St. Nicholas*, or *Lippincott's Monthly*.

Now is the time to subscribe, beginning with New Year.

Address, **LITTELL & CO., Boston.**

EARL & WILSON'S
PATENT SHORT BAND [illegible]
AND BEAD EDGE [illegible]
ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION

AMERICAN STAR SOFT CAPSULES THE BEST. Also, Star Empty Capsules. All Druggists.

INVESTORS get full information about our 7 per cent. farm mortgages. 12 years experience; $4,000,000 loaned; not a dollar lost. **J. B. Watkins & Co.** Lawrence, Kansas, and 243 Broadway, New York.